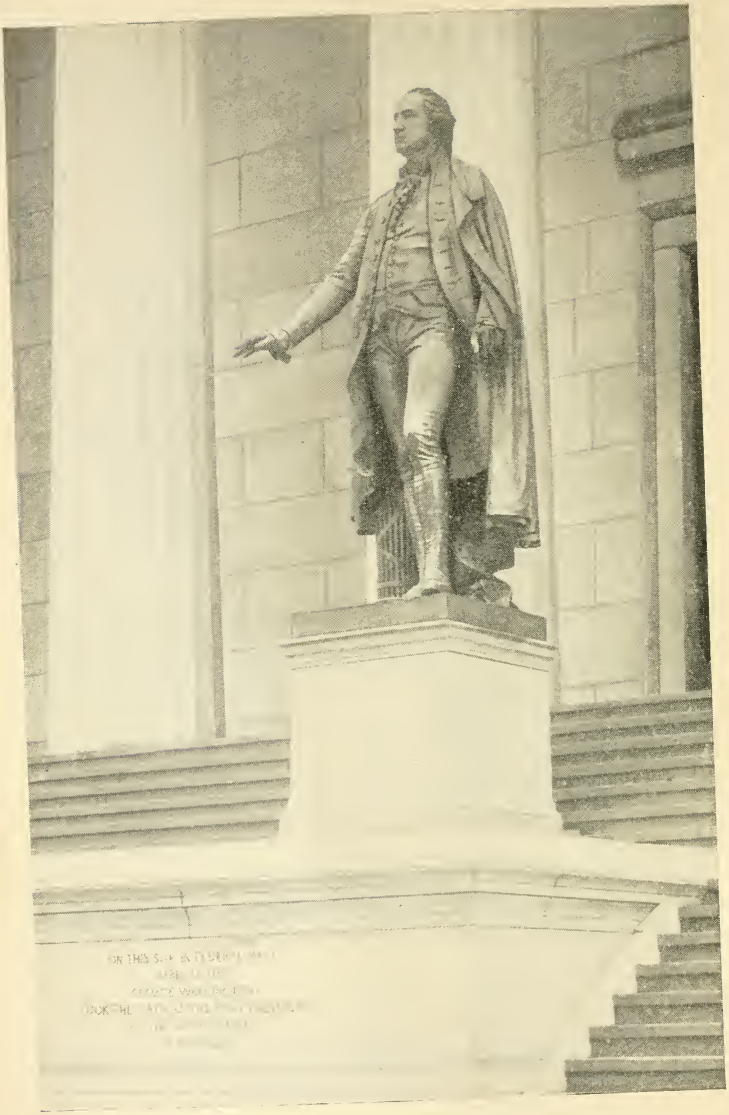

*Statue of George Washington,*
*Sub-Treasury, New York.*

# STORIES OF COLUMBIA

BY

WILL H. GLASCOCK

"All private virtue is the public fund;
As that abounds, the state decays or thrives;
Each should contribute to the general stock;
And who lends most is most his country's friend."

JEPHSON.



NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1895

# PREFACE.

COLUMBIA abounds in scenery sublime and beautiful, and her history is rich in lessons of heroism and patriotism. The story of her discovery, trials, triumph, and progress finds in the young eager and loyal listeners. This book is presented to the boys and girls of Columbia with the hope that it may touch their lives, and cause them to feel a greater pride in their country's achievements and a deeper love for her institutions.

The author here gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Lee O. Harris, who has so generously assisted him in many ways, and has written the introductory stanzas to the several sketches; and to Arnold Tompkins, Cyrus W. Hodgin, and W. H. Mace, who have so kindly advised and encouraged him in the preparation of this work.

W. H. G.

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# STORIES OF COLUMBIA.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE SEA KINGS.

From a land where Aurora is the queen of night,
And banners the sky with flame,
Like a fierce sea eagle in distant flight
The bark of the sea kings came.
No fear of the unknown sea had they,
Nor dread of the breakers' roar,
As they chased the light of the flying day
To the sands of the western shore.

Among the snows of northern Europe is a large peninsula. It dips far down into the stormy Atlantic and reaches far up into the icy Arctic. Seas and gulfs cut it off from the land on the east. Near the western side extends a long range of mountains whose tops are always covered with snow, and down whose sides are ever-creeping fields of ice. At a distance these mountains appear like frozen waves thrown upon the land by the angry ocean. Leaping down through the clefts in the mountain sides are many rivers formed from

the melting ice and snow. A thousand waterfalls make sweet music all the year round, and their silver spray catches the northern sunbeams and throws them back in numberless rainbows. Here and there are beautiful lakes of clear water. The valleys are covered with large forests of birch and pine.

This is a wonderful country. It has been called the "Land of the Midnight Sun." Here in midsummer the sun shines day and night. At midnight it can be seen just above the horizon; then it sinks from sight for a few minutes, and the twilight blends with the dawn, bathing the whole landscape in a flood of crimson and gold. Then no stars are seen and the moon's pale face gives no light. The summers are just long enough for the flowers to bloom and die and for the farmer to gather in his harvest. The birds make a short visit, sing their farewell song, and hurry off to warmer lands. The days grow shorter and shorter until the sun disappears. Then come the long, beautiful nights. The stars come out. The moon sheds her light over the wonderful scenery; and the heavens are aflame with the northern lights as they flash and flicker in these cold, icy regions.

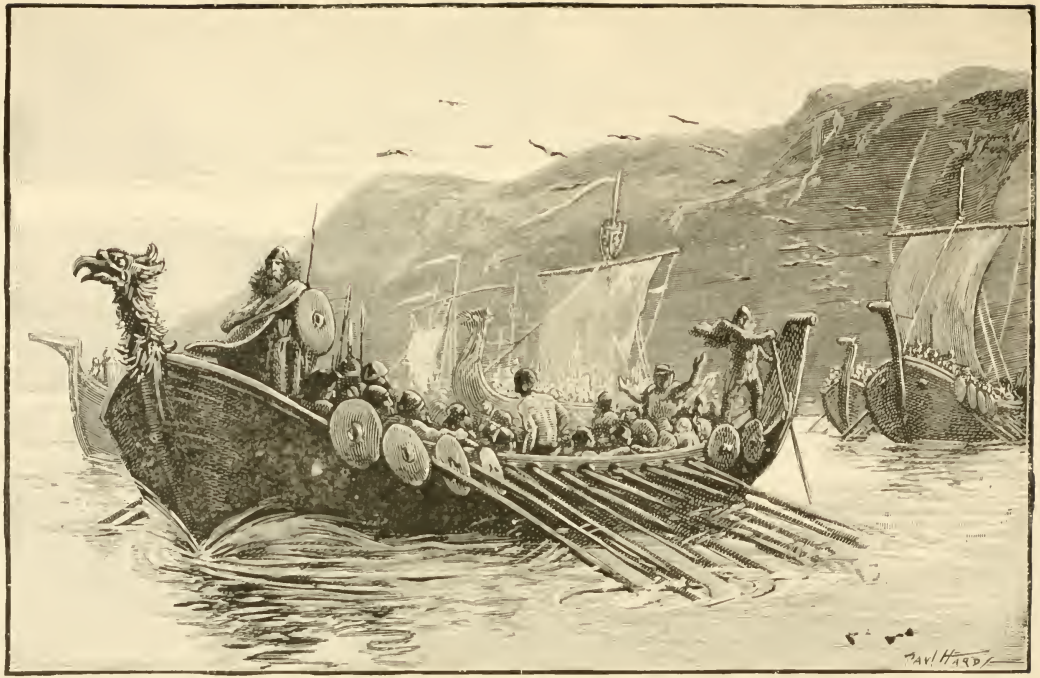
One thousand years ago this wonderful land was the home of the Northmen. They were a brave, wild people, who loved their country with

all its bleak mountains and its long, cold winters. When all the rest of Europe was groaning under the yoke of slavery they were a free people, governed by their own laws. Before this time they knew nothing about God. They believed there were many gods, who were all the children of one great being called Odin. Everything they saw was the work of the gods, and every sound was the sound of their voices or the echo of their movements. Thor was god of the thunder. The dark storm clouds were his angry brows, the lightning was the fierce flashing of his eyes, and the thunder was the rumbling of his mighty chariot as he drove his swift steeds over the mountain tops. The icebergs were the cows of some powerful giants who lived far to the north. Balder was the god of peace. When the sun disappeared and the long nights set in, they said some wicked giant had slain the good Balder, and had thus brought darkness upon the world. When the sun again appeared and brought to them warmth and light, they said Balder had come to life.

In 872 Harold the Fair, who was king of this country, tried to take from the Northmen their liberties, and by the sword compel them to forsake the gods they had loved so long and had so long worshiped. Much as they loved the land of their childhood, with its wild, beautiful scenery,

they loved more their freedom. They had heard of Iceland in the midst of the ocean; so they determined to leave their own country and seek a home in this wintry isle. They had sailed on almost all the seas of Europe, and were not afraid of the strange, wild ocean with all its monsters. Like our Pilgrim Fathers, they sought and found a home where they would be free to think and act.

Let us look at this new home of the Northmen and learn something of their strange surroundings. The central part of the island is elevated very much above the coast. Great columns of stone rise one above another and are covered with ice and snow. In the sunlight these columns, with their crystal coverings, appear like large temples with roofs and windows of glass. There are many lakes in the hollows of the rocks. Under the fields of snow and ice are hidden volcanoes, which melt their coverings and cause the rivers to overflow. The water in the lakes and wells rises and falls with the movements of the ocean. There are numerous geysers, with waters of green, blue, and red. From these the water is often thrown to the height of two or three hundred feet. Standing above all these is Hecla, the Cloak Mountain. At times he shakes the whole island with his deep, hoarse rumblings, and wav-



*Ships of the Northmen.*

ing his flaming torch high above his head, sends forth such clouds of smoke and ashes as to hide the sun and cover the island with darkness many days.

The people lived in the valleys along the coast, and from early childhood were accustomed to hear the murmur of the ocean when at rest, and to watch its mad fury when lashed by the storm. In the midst of such scenes as these, and those they had left behind, it is not strange that the Northmen became a bold and fearless people. Though they were great in strength and powerful in arms, they were kind and chivalrous toward their women. They were true friends, but dangerous enemies. They were well fitted to sail upon unknown seas and visit new lands.

For many years after the settlement of Iceland reports came to her people of another land lying westward. These reports were brought by sailors who had been driven out of their way by the western winds which frequently blew in that latitude.

About 983 a man named Erik the Red came from the old Norseland of northern Europe and settled in Iceland. He, too, had heard of this western land, and desired to know more about it. In 984 he set sail for this strange land, and found and explored it. He remained there two years,

then returned proudly to Iceland. He had discovered a country unknown to civilization. He had stood where no white man had been before him. He had seen what before had been hidden from the eyes of all his race. He told many wonderful stories of the country he had discovered, and called it Greenland, though it produced but little except snow and ice. He gave it this name that he might persuade others to settle there.

Afterward Erik and all his friends moved to Greenland. Among these was Herjulf, whose son had gone on a visit to the old home of the Northmen. When the son returned and learned that his father had gone to Greenland, he decided to follow him. He did not wish to compel his sailors to make a voyage on unknown seas to a strange land, so he asked how many were willing to go. Every man said, "I!" Soon after he started, the winds changed and drove him far to the south. He came into a thick fog which hid everything from view for several days. When the fog cleared away he saw land in the distance. He knew it was not Greenland, for it was level and covered with trees. He had heard that Greenland was fringed with mountains bold and snowy. He saw the land three times on this voyage, but did not go ashore. After sailing nine days toward the northeast he reached Greenland and told his people what he

had seen. Many believe that the land first seen by Herjulfson on this voyage is where the city of Boston now stands.

Lief Erikson, the son of Erik the Red, desired to learn something of the land discovered by Herjulfson and his men. He bought the ships of Herjulfson, and immediately set sail on a voyage of discovery and exploration. He landed many times and explored the surrounding country. He sailed as far south as Massachusetts, where he again landed. He had never seen a country like this. His life had been spent among the mountains in the cold regions. Here he found large forests scented with the odor of wild flowers and joyous with the music of many birds. The branches of the trees were covered with vines heavy with ripened grapes. This caused him to name the country Vineland. In the spring he returned to Greenland and told many things about the lands he had visited.

A brother of Lief Erikson, named Thorwald, made a voyage to Vineland the next year. He remained there three years, when he was killed in a battle with the natives. Here in the wilderness his companions buried him, and set up two crosses to mark the place where he lay. He was probably the first white man buried in America. When he landed he said, "Here is a beautiful spot,

and here I should like well to fix my dwelling." Near this same spot, more than eight hundred years afterward, there was dug from the ground a large skeleton clad in armor. Many persons believe this to be the skeleton of Thorwald. You should read Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem, The Skeleton in Armor. In this he makes the skeleton say:

"Far in the northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on."

After the burial of their chief the sailors silently and sadly departed for their home in the cold north regions.

In the year 1007 Thorfinn married Gudrid, the sister of Lief Erikson and Thorwald. She persuaded him to leave the cold, dreary country of Greenland and settle in Vineland, where there are long summers and singing birds and blooming flowers. So they sailed for this country, of which they had heard so much, taking with them one hundred and fifty men and seven women. They also took a large number of cattle and sheep. They lived here three years; but the natives were so hostile that they were compelled

to leave Vineland and return to the bleak shores of Greenland.

After the return of Thorfinn and his company the voyages to America became less and less frequent, until they ceased altogether. The colony in Greenland was abandoned, the wild flowers covered up the grave of Thorwald, the voyages of the sea kings were forgotten, and it was left for Christopher Columbus to open the gates of the New World to the civilization of the Old.

## CHAPTER II.

### COLUMBUS PLEADING THE CAUSE OF AMERICA.

Perversely blind, the scoffing bigots spurned
The plea of genius humbled to its knees,
Nor saw the star of empire where it burned,
A beacon light beyond the Western seas.
But he, whose soul o'erleaped the centuries
And saw the future with prophetic eyes,
Compelled the veil of mystery to rise,
And gave the world's horizon reach of boundless skies.

The bold sea kings of Iceland had seen North America and explored its coast, but Europe knew nothing of the two great continents of the New World. They lay unknown beyond the blue waters of the Atlantic which the sailors thought to be full of monsters so great as to be able to swallow the largest vessels. No ships had ventured beyond the groups of islands which were not far out from the mainland. The story of the New World with its great forests, its numerous lakes, its beautiful rivers, and its wild red men had never been told in Europe until Columbus and his brave crew had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic and told it to the King and Queen of Spain.

Very little is written of the early boyhood of Columbus. His father was poor and almost unknown. It was left to the son to make the family name famous by the discovery of the New World. Genoa is supposed to be the place of his birth, though it is doubted by many. The time of his birth is also in doubt. Some writers say he was born in 1436, and others try to prove that he was born in 1446. We know that he lived near this time; the exact date of his birth is not important to us. He grew to manhood with but little education, yet he had a purpose and was honest and earnest. These brought to him success and honor.

History first speaks of Columbus as a sailor lad about fourteen years of age. He had spent all his young life near the sea, so we are not surprised to hear of him as a sailor. After this we often catch glimpses of him. Sometimes he is engaged in commerce along the shores of Africa; sometimes he is in the king's service fighting the bold sea robbers that are so numerous in the Mediterranean Sea; and later we see him making maps and charts to support himself and his aged father, and at the same time educating his younger brothers.

He devoted the spare moments of his busy life to study. He read the writings of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, and through them was led to believe the earth is round. He knew of the rich

spice islands near the coast of southern Asia, and believed he could reach them by sailing westward. He did not dream of the two Americas and the great Pacific which stretched away to the Asiatic coast many thousand miles away. He thought the earth to be much smaller than it is and that eastern Asia lay much nearer western Europe than it really does. He studied astronomy and geography, that he might know more of the world, and that he might be able to convince others that he was right.

There were at this time other men who were interested in the study of geography and astronomy. Prince Henry, of Portugal, established a college for the teaching of these subjects. Learning of this, Columbus went to Portugal. Here he married the daughter of an explorer. His wife encouraged and assisted him in his studies, which he pursued with the eagerness of a child. In addition to his studies he frequently went on voyages along the coast of Africa, that he might learn of the sailors what they knew both of the land and the sea.

The more he traveled and studied, the more earnestly did he cling to his idea that the earth is round. So firmly did he believe this to be true, that he determined to sail around it. But he was poor and could not purchase the necessary ships. To the King of Portugal he explained his belief

and asked him for assistance. The king submitted the matter to a council of learned men. After discussing it several months the council declared that the earth could not be round, and that it would be folly to attempt such a voyage as that planned by Columbus. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he returned to his native country and applied for aid, but was again refused.

The earnestness of Columbus in presenting his cause to the council of the King of Portugal converted the king to his belief. He thought he might bring great honor to himself and his country if he should discover a new route to the East Indies and prove to the people that the earth is round. So, immediately after Columbus had departed, he secretly prepared and sent out an expedition of discovery. The expedition was a failure, as it deserved to be.

What Columbus believed he believed earnestly, and what he did he did earnestly. He permitted no obstacle to keep him back or turn him aside from his purpose. Hoping still to find some one who would trust and aid him, in 1486 he set out on foot to visit the court of Spain. On his long journey he stopped at the door of a Franciscan friar, who gave him bread, and hope for the future. This humble Christian ever remained his faithful friend, and afterward greatly aided him in secur-

ing the assistance of Queen Isabella. He reached the capital of Spain ragged, hungry, and penniless. A second time he maintained himself by making maps and charts.

After many days of anxious waiting he was permitted to see the king and queen. They called together their council to hear his story. He came before these learned men clad as a peasant, and with all the eloquence of his devoted soul pleaded the cause of the New World. We must admire the humble sailor as he thus pleaded before this council of wise men. The council heard him through, then adjourned without giving him an answer.

At this time the king and queen were engaged in a war against the Moors. They were trying to drive from Spain this cruel people who lived in strong castles among the mountains. The king was commander of the army and always went with it to battle. The queen went with her husband, and in this manner the court moved from place to place. Columbus became a soldier in the king's army and with it marched into the mountains. He thus braved all the dangers of war that he might be near the court and urge his cause, should an opportunity be offered him. In 1491 he again appeared before the learned council, which admired his earnestness but rejected his cause.

*Columbus before the Court of Spain.*

He had labored, waited, and hoped in Spain for five long years, only to be disappointed. He now determined to turn to France for assistance. He started on foot to leave the country, but his old friend the friar persuaded him to remain until another effort could be made in his behalf. The friar went in person to the queen and spoke for his friend. The effort was successful. The queen requested Columbus to return, and sent him money with which to prepare himself for the journey.

He arrived at court just in time to see the capture of the last strong castle of the Moors by the Spanish arms and the surrender of "the Crescent to the Cross." The noble queen met him kindly. She was so touched by his simple eloquence that she declared, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my private jewels to raise the necessary funds." Eighteen long years had Columbus spent in going from court to court. He had hoped and been disappointed. He had labored and fasted. How welcome must have been the kind words of the good Queen Isabella!

Many difficulties yet awaited him. The shipowners refused to let their ships go upon such a perilous voyage. The sailors feared to leave their homes and friends to sail far out upon an ocean which they believed to be inhabited by great mon-

sters. Columbus could secure neither men nor vessels until the king commanded his officers to take the ships by force and compel the sailors to prepare for the voyage. In this manner the Pinta, Niña, and Santa Maria were secured and manned for the expedition. On Friday morning, August 3, 1492, all was ready. A multitude of people stood on the shore to watch the ships spread their white sails to the summer breeze. Flags fluttered from the masts. The pilots were at their wheels. The sea was calm. Tearful farewells were said with dismal forebodings, and just as the morning sun broke through the mist that fringed the shore the three small vessels sailed—they knew not where.

The vessels stopped at the Canary Islands and remained three weeks. They then set sail upon an unknown ocean. As the last of the Canaries was left behind, the bravest of the crew wept. After sailing many days they were caught by the trade winds and wafted smoothly along. To the inexperienced sailors this was a new source of danger. They believed these winds would carry them on and on, and, though they should escape the monsters of the deep, they would not be able to return. When they reached that portion of the sea which is covered with grasses and weeds, they felt sure that this was the home of those

monsters they had so greatly feared. But the vessels sailed slowly and safely through this ocean meadow and were again safe upon the open ocean.

At the close of each day, after the sun had sunk into his watery bed and darkness had fallen upon the face of the deep, the sailors would sing the evening hymn ; then all except those on duty would retire to dream of the land ahead and the friends and loved ones at home. How solemn must have been that hymn in the midst of an unknown ocean, with none to hear save Him "who formed the sea and the dry land" !

The cry of land was heard many times, and all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the wished-for shore, and as many times did the men return disappointed to their posts of duty. As the days passed and the ships sped swiftly and smoothly on their course, the men were frequently made glad by flights of birds which became more and more numerous. Fresh plants floated by. Columbus felt sure that he was nearing land. The evening hymn was sung as usual, but few of the men retired. Columbus took his position aloft, that he might keep watch for the expected land. At two o'clock, Friday morning, October 12, 1492, he saw a light rising and falling in the distance. So often had his men been disappointed by the cry of land that he feared to trust himself. He called others,

and they, too, saw the light. There was no sleep on board that night.

As the day dawned they beheld a most beautiful landscape, covered with forests of pine and adorned with flowers of every color. On the shore stood groups of wondering wild people. One prolonged, glad shout went up from the ships, and the brave Columbus wept for joy. He immediately put off in a small boat to take possession of the new land in the name of the sovereigns of Spain. When he reached the shore he fell upon his knees, kissed the earth, and gave thanks to Him who had given him the victory.

*Landing of Columbus.*

## CHAPTER III.

### COLUMBUS IN THE KING AND QUEEN'S GARDENS.

Dashed with the foam of the roaring surf,
  Or lulled by the song of the summer sea;
Rich with all sweets of a fragrant turf,
  Or torn by the mad wind's revelry;
Weeping in terror or glad with smiles—
Such is the garden of "Beautiful Isles."

The arrival of Columbus among the West Indies filled the simple natives with wonder. They stood in groups on the shore and gazed at his ships, which they thought to be white-winged birds from the clouds; and they kissed the hands of the pale-faced men, whom they thought to be inhabitants of the skies. They were a kind, simple people. For weapons they had wooden spears the ends of which had been hardened by burning or were tipped with flint, and bows with arrows pointed with the bones of fishes and the teeth of animals. Some of them wore in their ears and noses ornaments of gold. These they gladly exchanged with the Spaniards for beads and other trinkets of little value. When asked where they

got their gold, they pointed to the south. They also told Columbus that not far to the south was a fierce, warlike people, who often came to their island and carried many of them into captivity.

To the first island Columbus discovered he gave the name San Salvador. Thinking he had reached the East India islands, he called the natives Indians. This name was afterward given to all the natives of North and South America. They told him of other islands inhabited by a people richer and more powerful than themselves.

Anxious to know more of this newly discovered country and eager for gold, Columbus gave his men but one day's rest at San Salvador. At the close of the day he began his cruise among the islands. He visited one after another, always finding among the natives the same kindness and simplicity. He learned from them that not far away was Cuba, an island much larger than any he had before discovered. The quick imagination of Columbus immediately pictured a great country full of gold, pearls, and spices, and governed by a rich and powerful prince.

As soon as the weather was favorable he set sail for Cuba. Here he anchored in the mouth of a beautiful river whose banks were covered to the water's edge with flowers of every hue and of sweetest fragrance. The scenery of this island

was far more beautiful than any he had yet beheld. He declared it to be the most beautiful island that eyes ever looked upon, and that here one could live forever. However, he found no grand dwellings, no large cities, no rich prince, but a people poorer than those he had first visited. He believed Cuba to be a part of the mainland, and did not live to discover his error.

The scenes presented to the Spaniards in this new land were strange and beautiful. In May the spring rains begin, and continue several weeks. About noon each day dark clouds appear in the west, the islands are shaken by terrific peals of thunder, and the rain comes down in torrents. Before nightfall the sky is again clear. Later in the year destructive hurricanes sweep over the ocean and the adjacent land. Following the hurricanes, the sea is angry and lashes the shores with great fury. Quiet then settles over both the land and the sea, and until April the most delightful weather prevails.

The air is soft and scented with the odor of ever-blooming flowers. The soil is rich and moist, and under the influence of the summer's sun vegetables mature in two or three weeks. How strange it would seem to see boys digging potatoes and girls picking pease only three weeks after they had been planted! Large alligators, with dull,

dreamy eyes, lazily navigate the rivers of clear, fresh water. Near the shores of the islands the water of the ocean is so clear that pebbles can be seen on the bottom many feet below the surface, and darting through it can be seen fishes whose silvery sides reflect every color of the rainbow.

The forests abound in birds of most brilliant plumage. The parrot caws from morn till night, and the gay woodpecker "loudly beats the morning drum that wakes the birds." Hovering over the many-colored flowers are swarms of humming birds, some as large as a sparrow and others but little larger than a bumblebee. In the lowlands are armies of flamingoes, which, with their scarlet plumage, appear like the British red-coats of the Revolution. Climbing among the branches of the evergreen trees are hosts of chattering monkeys, and vines blooming with fragrant flowers.

The air is so pure that in time of full moon the nights are almost as light as our days, and even the stars are so bright as to cast dim shadows. When the moon and stars are hidden the fireflies light their lamps, which from their size and number take from the nights much of their darkness. It is written, but I do not know how truly, that a few of these large fireflies in a room will make it light enough to enable one to read.

When Columbus told in Spain the story of

this wonderful country, it is not strange that Ponce de Leon set out in search of a fountain of perpetual youth in which he could bathe and be young again.

While cruising among the islands the admiral, as Columbus was now called, kept almost constant watch for new seas and new lands. He became wearied with long watching and desired rest. One clear, calm night he warned the pilot to keep close watch for rocks and sand bars, and then retired. No sooner had he gone below than the rudder was placed in the hands of an inexperienced boy. The ship was caught by a swift current and broken to pieces on a sand bar. This left Columbus with but a single ship, as the Pinta had deserted him soon after his arrival at San Salvador.

When the Indians of the nearest island heard what had happened to Columbus and his crew, they came in their canoes and removed all the cargo to the shore. Here they guarded it day and night. The old chief received them with great kindness, and wept when told of their misfortunes.

The beautiful scenery of the islands and the free and easy life of the natives greatly pleased the sailors. They looked upon the forests of food-bearing trees and vines burdened with berries, and thought of the homeward voyage with its storms

and its hardships, and longed to stay on the island. They gathered around Columbus and begged his permission to remain.

From the timbers of the wrecked vessel the admiral built a fort, and supplied it with provisions and with guns for its defense. He then prepared to sail for Europe. Before departing, he called around him those men who were to remain and earnestly urged them to obey their leader, and at all times to be kind to the Indians. The chief showed great sorrow at parting from the old admiral. The Spaniards on shore wept when they saw the vessel wafted out to sea on the return voyage, but were cheered by the hope that they would return in the spring with fresh supplies and with other friends. Alas! when the ships returned the birds were singing and the flowers blooming as before, but none were left to greet their arrival. Eleven graves in the wilderness told that those left behind had been slain by the Indians.

It was on the 4th of January, 1493, that Columbus sailed for Spain. He carried with him a little gold and several Indians, whom he wished to present to the queen and to convert to the Christian religion. When in mid-ocean his frail vessel was overtaken by a violent storm. It was carried hither and thither by the mad waves, which

threatened all on board with immediate death. For several days the storm raged with all its fury. Columbus feared his vessel would be destroyed and his discovery lost to the world. So he wrote to the king and queen an account of his voyage and his discoveries. This he sealed in a cake of wax, placed it in a barrel, sealed the barrel, and threw it into the ocean. Just before sunset a faint streak of light was seen in the west, and the sailors rejoiced that the storm was almost past. The waves ran high many days, but the noble little vessel passed bravely through and carried the crew safely to Europe.

A few days after landing, Columbus proceeded to the court of Spain. All along his journey the people thronged to see the man who had given to Spain a new world, and gazed with wonder upon the strange people he had brought with him. The king and queen received him kindly, and his return was celebrated throughout Spain.

In September, 1493, Columbus departed on his second voyage with a fleet of three large vessels and fourteen smaller ships. The ocean was calm, and the trade winds smoothly and swiftly sped them to the West Indies. Sailing farther to the south, Columbus arrived at the Caribbee Islands, which he found to be inhabited by a fierce and warlike people much larger and stronger than

those he had before seen. He learned from some captives that these people often killed and ate their enemies.

Leaving the Caribbee Islands, he hastened to the island where he had left the little colony. It was night when he arrived off the coast. A cannon was fired to announce his arrival, but no sound came back save the echoes rolling from the shore across the still waters. All on board watched eagerly for a light to appear in the fort, but all was darkness there. When morning dawned they hastened to the shore, only to find that all their friends had perished.

In the early part of 1494 twelve ships were sent to Spain. With the other five Columbus sailed among the West Indies, discovering many new islands and exploring those he had before discovered. To the large group of small islands lying north of Cuba he gave the name "The Queen's Gardens," and called the remainder of the West Indies "The King's Gardens." He cruised among these islands until the spring of 1496, when he returned to Spain.

Evil-minded men had been plotting against him. The king and queen received him joyfully, but seemed to distrust him. To them he had promised gold and pearls, and instead he had brought them a few wild red men. They did not

then know that he had discovered a land rich in gold and diamonds.

He was delayed two years in Spain before he could arrange to return. On this voyage he sailed farther south, and landed in South America near the mouth of the Orinoco River. Having explored the coast of the mainland for some distance, he returned to Isabella, a colony he had founded in 1494 and which he had named in honor of the queen.

When Columbus returned to Spain the second time he left his brother as governor of the colony. The ships in which the admiral and his crew sailed to Europe were scarcely out of sight when the men left in the colony began to complain. They saw the Indians roaming at will through the forests, getting their food without labor, and desired to be as free as they. The complaints grew louder each day. At last the boldest of the men formed themselves into a band, took up arms, and refused to obey the governor.

When Columbus returned he found more than half the colony in rebellion. He attempted to restore order. In doing so it was necessary for him to punish some of the leaders. While he was doing that which he thought to be his duty, wicked men were striving to ruin him in Spain. Many false reports were borne to the king and

queen, and they sent a man named Bobadilla to inquire concerning the affairs of the colony.

As soon as Bobadilla arrived he ordered Columbus to appear before him. Columbus obeyed the command with the same meekness and humility that are shown throughout his whole life. When he appeared he was ordered to be placed in chains The old man extended his arms to receive the unjust reward of his labors, but nobody came forward to bind him. Finally, one whom he had often befriended advanced and placed the chains upon the hands which had been extended to him in kindness. Such was his reward.

## CHAPTER IV.

### COLUMBUS IN POVERTY AND IN CHAINS.

He gave the Spaniards half a world,
And they repaid him with a chain;
Their conquering banners were unfurled
O'er isle and continental plain.
But, ah! what nation e'er withstood
The curse of black ingratitude?
The wealth they grasped, like ocean sands,
Has sifted from their envious hands.

Columbus discovered America in 1492, and returned to Spain in the midst of great rejoicings. The whole nation sang his praises and hastened to do him honor. Eight years afterward he was brought back in chains from the country he had discovered. His third coming created but little less excitement than did his first. He was now an old man, and his once stalwart frame was bent and broken by labor and exposure. He had faithfully served his adopted country, and a felon's chains were his reward. When the people saw the noble old admiral thus disgraced and dishonored, their hearts were touched with pity. The good queen wept as she beheld him approach-

ing the throne with sorrow and disappointment written upon his face. The king and queen ordered him to be released from his chains, and promised that he should again be governor of the colony he had founded. Alas! the promise was never fulfilled.

While cruising among the islands on his third voyage to America, Columbus had observed a strong current flowing through the Caribbean Sea. He believed this to flow from a strait through which he could pass to the rich spice islands of the Indies. He told Ferdinand and Isabella what he believed, and asked their permission to make another voyage to America, that he might explore this strait. His request was granted and he was authorized to fit out a fleet at once for that purpose.

With four ships and one hundred and fifty men, in May, 1502, Columbus began his fourth and last voyage to the New World. He took with him his son Fernando, who was but fourteen years of age. On this voyage he touched at San Domingo and asked permission to anchor and repair his ships, but the governor refused to grant his request. He was compelled to put to sea with his shattered vessels, and before he could find other shelter a violent hurricane struck his ships. The storm raged with great

fury for several days, but all passed safely through it.

The enemies of Columbus who refused him shelter from the approaching storm were less fortunate. They had just stood out to sea on their return to Spain with a cargo of Indians and a large amount of gold, when the storm broke violently upon them. The vessels were dashed to pieces and all on board were lost almost before the eyes of Columbus.

Columbus extended his explorations along the mainland. He discovered no strait, but he found Indians far more intelligent than any he had before seen. They lived in houses built of mud and stones, and had weapons made of iron.

Again the admiral and his crew were overtaken by one of the violent storms that frequently rage in those regions. The vessels were tossed by the winds and battered by the waves until they were so shattered as to become unmanageable. The men were kept busy baling out the water. The seams in the sides of the vessels opened wider and wider, until Columbus was compelled to anchor at Jamaica.

The Indians of this island were very friendly, and brought sufficient food to supply the immediate wants of the Spaniards, but the supply was soon exhausted, and Columbus feared a famine.

The ships were too badly damaged to be repaired. The only hope for assistance lay in the Governor of San Domingo, more than one hundred and twenty miles away. The sea between these islands was always rough and threatening.

None but the bravest of men would dare to undertake such a voyage. Among the shipwrecked crew was a heroic man named Mendez, who had many times risked his life for Columbus. The admiral called for volunteers to attempt the voyage to San Domingo. A deep silence fell on all, and none came forward. Then Mendez said to Columbus, "I have but one life to give, but I am willing to venture it for your service, and for the good of all here present." These were noble words and bravely spoken.

A canoe was made ready for the voyage. Taking letters from Columbus, Mendez embarked with another Spaniard and six Indians. He coasted along the shore to the end of the island, where he and his companions were captured by some hostile Indians who determined to kill them. Mendez escaped and returned to the camp after an absence of fifteen days.

He immediately prepared another canoe and began again his perilous voyage which was to bring aid to Columbus and his little band, or leave them to perish with hunger or to meet death at

the hands of the hostile Indians. As the frail canoe put bravely out to sea there was not a cloud in the sky; no air was astir; and the sun's rays scorched and blistered the hands and faces of the men. To find relief from the burning sun, the Indians often leaped into the sea and swam after the boat. The salt sea water made them even more thirsty. On the first day all the water was exhausted. As the second day dawned, all were suffering from a raging thirst. The suffering became greater as the sun's rays grew stronger. There was water all around them, yet they were dying from thirst.

The sun went down on the second day, and still there was no land in sight. One Indian had died, and others lay panting in the canoe. Death seemed to be walking on the waters. While all were despairing, the moon slowly arose out of the ocean. As its rays lighted up the face of the deep, the thirsty men saw an island not far distant. It was a barren, rocky island of only a few acres, but here they found fishes and water. When the land was reached the Indians were unable to control themselves. They rushed to the water and drank so eagerly that several of them died. All the next day Mendez and his few remaining companions rested in the shade of the rocks. As the sun went down they continued

their voyage. On the morning of the fourth day they reached San Domingo, and delivered to the governor the letters from Columbus. The governor delayed eight long monhts before sending aid to Columbus and his crew. As no help came, they supposed Mendez had perished in his brave effort to save them, and that they were left to die on an unknown island.

One year after Columbus had been driven to land by the wrecking of his vessels, the ships sent by the Governor of San Domingo arrived at Jamaica. All joyfully went on board and returned with the ships to San Domingo, where Columbus immediately prepared to return to Spain.

With only one small ship he sailed boldly for Europe. The voyage was a rough and stormy one, and seemed to be a forecast of the remaining days of his life.

In the four voyages he had discovered and explored the mainland of South America, and almost all the West India Islands. Many of these he named for the saints of his religion. To some he gave the names of persons who had befriended him. He called one Guadaloupe, in honor of a lady of that name. He discovered Santo Domingo on Sunday and gave it a name which means the Holy Sabbath. The islands lying near the coast of South America he named Caribbee, because they were

the home of those fierce people who killed and ate their enemies. From one island rises three mountain peaks joined together at the base. When Columbus beheld these, he gave to the island the name of Trinidad, which means Trinity—three in one. To commemorate the name of our Saviour, the first island he discovered he called San Salvador, a name which means Holy Saviour.

The old admiral arrived in Spain broken down in health and sick at heart. A few days after his arrival the good Queen Isabella died, and with her was buried his last hope. Through her he had been able to discover the New World; to her he had looked for further assistance.

As soon as he was able to travel, he was conveyed to the court, where King Ferdinand met him coldly. He asked of the king that to his son might descend the right to govern the Indies. The king gave him fair promises, but they were never fulfilled.

Broken in body and in spirit, the noble old man died May 20, 1506. The king erected a monument to his memory, on which was written, "For Castile and Leon, Columbus found a new world." For Spain he found a new world, for himself he found a grave. His body now rests in Havana, Cuba.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RED MAN OF THE FOREST AND PLAIN.

Untaught in wisdom's subtler arts,
  Unlearned in aught but Nature's lore,
Such skill as forest-craft imparts,
Such trade as comes from forest marts,
Such law as governs fearless hearts,
  They knew, nor wished for more.

The curse of greed, the strife for gain—
  They knew them not, for Freedom still,
In forest shade, on sunlit plain,
Had right of eminent domain,
Nor yet had felt the tyrant's chain
  That binds her to his will.

Your grandfathers have told you thrilling stories about the wild red men who once roamed through the forests and wandered over the plains of our beautiful country. You have also heard how they stood on the shore and welcomed Columbus and his pale-faced companions to the New World. More than four hundred years before the ships of Columbus touched the shores of the West Indies the Norsemen had met this same wild people far northward. When the Pilgrims landed on the

cold New England coast they found there many Indian graves, and many times afterward met these savage men in the fierce struggle of war. Brave, good men came from France and went far inland, where they preached to these children of the forest. Bold seamen sailed around to our western coast and there found the same strange people. Fearless men pushed far out upon the plains and found there the Indian and his wigwam.

Their canoes were on the lakes and on the rivers. Their wigwams were in the depths of the dark wilderness and near the shores of the great oceans. They lived on the hot, sandy plains and among the cool, shady mountains. Their war-whoop was heard among the deep snows of the North and in the flowery forests of the South. When Columbus first looked upon these wild people they probably numbered twenty million in America. Within the United States there now remain not more than two hundred and fifty thousand. These have been crowded to the far West, where they now live on lands reserved for them by the Government.

The Indians of to-day are very unlike those found by the first white men who came to the New World. Civilization has greatly changed them. I think you would be more interested in

learning of them as they then lived—how they lived and hunted and fought.

When America was discovered, these red men had been living here so long that they could not tell of the country from which they had come, nor of the manner in which they had got here. Neither could they tell anything about the mound builders who had at one time lived in America. They thought this country had always been their home, and that the Great Spirit had given it to them.

They all belonged to the red race, yet they differed very much in size, features, and customs. They were divided into many tribes, and every tribe had its own hunting grounds. Beyond the limits of these its members seldom wandered except in times of war. Each tribe also spoke a different language, and would never learn the language of any other; neither would the squaws and warriors marry into a tribe other than their own. They did not love their neighbors as they loved themselves.

All Indians were fond of the chase, but were usually more fond of war. This warlike spirit has caused them to be driven from their hunting grounds and almost from America. In summer the various tribes were almost continually at war with their neighbors. Treaties were made, but

were soon broken. Their fighting ceased only with the approach of winter. When the snows would come to the colder regions, all would go into camp and there remain until spring. Their enemies could then feel safe, for they would not again go on the warpath so long as the weather was cold. However, just as soon as the last snow had gone and the early spring flowers were beginning to peep through the ground, each tribe prepared for war. The sound of the drum was heard, the warriors painted their faces in many colors, all joined in the war dance, and the fierce war whoop frightened the deer from their cover and aroused the enemy to battle.

Columbus found them waging war against each other, but from them he received the kindest treatment. They looked upon the white man as a being greater than themselves, and knelt before him as they did their gods. Of their simple treasures they gave him freely. They took him into their wigwams and shared with him their food and shelter.

This simple kindness the Spaniards soon repaid with unkindness. The Indian was thus changed from a trustful friend to a most cruel enemy. He then resolved to avenge the wrongs committed against him, and so entered into a struggle which has continued through four long

centuries, and has almost driven him from the land. Since then he has hunted the white man as he would hunt the beasts of the forest. He has attacked him with all his savage strength. He has spared neither women nor children. Wherever a home was unguarded, like a wild beast he entered and heeded not the pleadings of the mother or the cries of her infant.

With his strong bow and deadly tomahawk he struggled to check the advance of the white man, but his struggle was in vain. He could not cope with his more intelligent enemy armed and equipped with swords, muskets, and cannon. Step by step he has retreated before the advancing foe and sought rest and safety among the mountains. His hunting grounds have become the rich fields of wealthy farmers. Where he once roamed through the dense forests, as free as the birds and beasts that made their homes there, now grow fields of waving grain and blooming orchards stand. Where his humble wigwam stood are now beautiful homes of brick and stone. Where but a few years ago he chased the wild buffalo and where he lay in ambush for the timid deer, are now heard the ringing of bells, the clatter of hoofs, and the hum of wheels from morning till night and from night till morning.

He has left no tombs or monuments to mark

the place where sleeps his dead. The race has almost passed away, leaving but little to tell of their life, their struggles, their number, and their power. Now and then while wandering through the fields we may pick up an arrowhead or a stone hammer, which will remind us of the fierce, wild people who made and used them.

In the more northern latitudes at the approach of winter the Indians would leave the chase and warpath and select a place suitable for a winter home. It was always near some water course and usually where it might be protected from the cold north winds by some cliff, mountain, or thick forest. Here many families would pitch their tents and form a village. This was to be their home for the winter only, but they became very much attached to it. If by any chance an Indian should be kept from his home overnight he became gloomy and silent. This was his way of showing that he was homesick. Simple and plain as it was, it meant much to him and he loved it. Sometimes it was clean and neat, but more frequently it was dingy and unclean. The fire was usually kindled in the middle of the wigwam, and there was no place for the smoke to escape except through the door. Here he was surrounded by his many wives, all ready to obey his smallest wish. Here was his great family of chil-

dren. Here he watched and enjoyed their simple games. Here he ate and slept. Here he had his joy and his sorrow. In springtime the wigwams were taken down and the Indians set out to war, or wandered over their hunting ground wherever there was pasture for their ponies or game for their arrows.

The long winter evenings were spent in story-telling, in games, and in dances. They had returned from war and from the chase to enjoy their rude home for a short season. They had no regrets for the past and no thoughts of the future, but gave themselves wholly up to the enjoyment of the present. Each one had done some mighty deed, and was anxious that his friends should learn of it. They had no books or papers in which to publish their heroic deeds, so they went from one wigwam to another and there sang their own praises. Each one told of the wonderful things he had done in the chase or in battle with his enemy. Each one tried to excel the other, and it often happened that they went far beyond the truth. If one had slain a number of his enemy, he would place their scalps on a pole in front of his wigwam to show how brave he had been in war. If one had taken but few scalps, he simply told of his great bravery.

Many writers who have lived among the In-

*Indian village.*

dians say that the Indian warrior was always sullen and silent. Others who know more of him say this is true only when he is in the presence of strange white men. He looked upon them as greater than himself. He felt that they could not understand his sorrows and simple needs. In their presence he became confused and refused to talk. When alone with his people on the plains or in the wood he seemed a different being. He laughed and joked, and danced and sang. It was only when some great sorrow came upon him that he seemed gloomy. When his heart was full of sorrow, his lips refused to speak. When pleading his cause before his own people, he became earnest and eloquent. He did not hesitate, but poured out his wild, free spirit in simple, earnest speech.

Each tribe had its own peculiar way of burying its dead. Some erected large scaffolds among the branches of the trees, and on these the dead were placed. Sometimes the body was laid down, again it was placed in a sitting or standing position. Some tribes buried their friends in caves, and some hid their dead away among the rocks in the mountain sides and covered up all traces of their graves. Food was usually placed in the grave with the body. Bows and arrows were also placed near. When a chief died, his favorite dog and horse were slain and buried with him.

If a warrior died in winter while the tribe was in camp, many weeks were spent by his relatives in mourning over his death. If he died in time of the fall chase, he was left unburied and unmourned. The whole tribe mourned the death of a chief, but very few mourned the death of a squaw. Those who mourned the longest and loudest were the wives of the chiefs or great warriors. For many weeks these women would go each night and weep and howl over the graves of their husbands.

All Indians believed in a Great Spirit that made all things and controlled all things. They could see his face in the sun and his eyes in the stars. His voice they heard in the thunder, and his breath was the soft summer breeze. His tears were the falling rain, and his smile was seen in the wild forest flowers. Some also believed in many lesser gods or spirits. There were gods of the forests who lived in the trees, and gods of the mountains whose voices they heard in the wind or the mountain cascade. They all believed in a happy hunting ground which would be the home of all good Indians after death. Here were wild animals of all kinds. That he might provide himself with food and protect himself against the wild beasts that made their homes there, his bows and arrows were buried with him. Provisions were also buried with him that he might have food to

sustain him on his long journey to the happy hunting grounds. His dog was to furnish him company and his horse was to make easier his journey. In that land he could be wounded and suffer pain, but could never be killed. There was no death there.

If an Indian were killed or wounded in battle, his friends would risk their lives in carrying him away that he might not be scalped. If he should be scalped, he could never enter the happy hunting grounds of his fathers. If one should be killed in the dark, he would be compelled forever to wander in darkness. This peculiar belief often kept them from making night attacks upon the first settlers of America.

Like all wild simple people they were very superstitious. They believed in all kinds of wonders, signs, and miracles. When they refused to furnish food to Columbus and his companions, he frightened them by telling them the Great Spirit was angry with them and at a certain hour would hide his face from them. He knew there would be an eclipse of the sun at that hour. When darkness came creeping through the forest and the sun began to disappear, they rushed to him with provisions and begged him to pray to the Great Spirit that he would be no more angry with them. If they should set out upon an important journey and

happen to see a flock of birds with an unusual number in it, or if it should be flying in the wrong direction, they would all return silently to their homes and await a more favorable time. Should they see a snake crawling in a certain direction it would have the same effect. If they were arranging for an attack upon another tribe or upon some white settlement, the yelp of a fox or the howl of a wolf would cause them to lay down their bows and arrows and postpone the attack until another day.

They had no calendars to reckon the months and years, no clocks by which to measure the hours and minutes, and no compasses to guide them in their long journeys. They reckoned the months by moons and the years by the seasons. They knew the time by the stars at night and by the shadows in the daytime. They could make long journeys through the strange, unbroken wilderness without becoming lost. They knew the heavens and were guided by the stars. They studied the rocks and trees, and these served them as guide-posts.

In many things the Indian was like the wild beasts which with him made their homes in the forest and on the plain. He could endure all kinds of hardships and suffer severest pain without complaint. He would go for days without

food and drink when necessity required, but could eat almost any amount when he could get it. When at home he slept whenever he was sleepy and ate when he was hungry. However, he had but one meal a day. When he felt hungry he would tell some one of his wives, and she would prepare the dinner. It did not take long to do this, for the pot was usually on the fire. There was no fine linen to spread, no china to be placed on the table, and no silverware to be brought from the closet. A pot of meat and vegetables was set in the center of the floor, and from this all the family ate, using their fingers as forks.

The children of this wild race did not live as our boys and girls now live. The girls had no dolls with which to play and no storybooks to read. The boys were without tops and marbles and had no kites to fly. Yet they had their simple games and toys, which were quite as interesting to them and which they loved quite as much. Then, too, they loved the forest with its beauty and song, and the great mountains with their tops far up in the clouds. They watched with delight the streams as they leaped from rock to rock on their journey down the mountains to the sea. They heard the roar of the cataract and to them it was sweet music. All day long they worked or ran and shouted and sang in the open air. When night came on in the

wilderness they could hear the savage growl of the great grizzly bear and were not frightened. They heard the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther and were not afraid. These things were far better for them than all the toys in our great cities. These made them strong for the chase and fearless in war.

Not all their time was spent in play. As soon as they were old and strong enough they were given work to do. The girls always had the longest and hardest tasks to perform. They helped their mothers in all their work. They dried meat for winter, dressed skins for clothing, worked in the garden, brought wood for the fire, and water from the spring or brook. However, they never had to rock the cradle or sing the baby to sleep. Indian babies were usually tied on boards and stood up in corners or out-of-the-way places where they would remain all day long and never cry or cause any trouble. Often at the close of day the mother would take her dusky babe in her arms and in her strange Indian language would sing:

"Sleep, my warrior,
Sleep, my chieftain,
Sleep, my little Indian brave—
Lulled by murm'rings
Of the forest
And the streamlet's lapping wave;
While thy father's flashing arrows

Chase the deer in forest deep,
Rest, my warrior,
Rest, my chieftain,
Rest within the arms of sleep.

"Sleep, my warrior,
Sleep, my chieftain,
Sleep, my little Indian brave—
Soothed by breathings
Of the pine woods
And the cool stream's rippling wave;
While thy mother's dreamy crooning
Falls like music of wild streams,
Sleep, my warrior,
Sleep, my chieftain,
Glide thee to the land of dreams."

Each girl was anxious to learn how to do all kinds of work, for then she might become the wife of a chief or of some great warrior.

The boys were to become hunters and warriors, so they practiced those things that would make them ready for the chase and for battle. When they were quite young they were given the bow and taught how to use it. After a while they were taken into the woods and trained in shooting birds and other small animals. As they grew older and stronger they were expected to kill larger and fiercer animals. It was a proud day for an Indian boy when he killed his first grizzly, and a still prouder one when he took his first scalp. He was given the tomahawk and taught how to throw it, and the war club and taught how to wield it.

They had but few weapons and few tools. There were no factories and machine shops, so each boy learned how to make his own weapons. As soon as he was large enough to sit on a horse he was taught to ride. His exercise was very simple at first, but became more difficult as he grew older. While he was yet a boy he could cling to the side of his pony while going at full speed and shoot his arrows with wonderful aim. They also practiced picking up objects from the ground while their ponies were going at full gallop, until two of them riding side by side could lift a man from the ground. This was afterward useful to them, as they could thus pick up and carry away any friend who might be wounded in battle.

The most enjoyable of all the pleasures of the Western Indians was the fall chase. As the cool days of autumn came on, everything was made ready for their animal hunt. Their ponies were brought in from the prairie, the strongest of their bows were selected, and their quivers were filled with fresh arrows. The women accompanied the men that they might care for the meat and the hides which were to furnish them food and clothing for the winter.

The plains were then covered with great armies of buffalo. These were to furnish the sport and the provisions. When a herd was seen grazing

slowly over the plain the women were left behind and the men prepared for the sport. As the buffaloes grazed along, ignorant of the danger lurking near, the Indians stole silently near them. They must keep on the side of the herd toward which the wind was blowing, or the buffaloes would scent them and rush madly away. This would spoil all the sport. When the Indians were sufficiently near they would give rein to their ponies and with a wild whoop startle the grazing herd. Away over the plain they would rush in their mad fright, closely pursued by their enemy. Each Indian would select a buffalo, and, riding near his side, would pierce his heart with his keen arrow. Then he would select another, and still another, until many huge bodies lay scattered along the line of the retreat, and the chase was abandoned. Sometimes a horse and rider were thrown and trampled under foot, but this only added to the excitement.

When the chase was over the skins were removed from the dead animals, and the women left to cut out the choice part of the flesh and take it to the village, where it was dried for winter food. The men would also return to camp, and during the whole winter would tell around their campfires wonderful stories of the things they had done in the chase.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MOUND BUILDERS.

Whence did they come and whither did they go?
Legend nor history can grasp the theme;
And e'en tradition is too young to know,
Save that they came and vanished like a dream.

Many curious mounds are found near the large rivers of the Mississippi Valley. Some are large and some are small. In form, some are like the buffalo and the elk; others like the turtle and the lizard. If they could speak, they would tell us a wonderful story of a people whose history is buried in their dust. They would tell us of a powerful race that lived in America when the world was new; when the mountains, the hills, and the valleys were not as they now are, and when everything was wild and strange. From them we would learn how this unknown people lived in villages and towns, and how they fished and farmed long before Romulus founded the city of Rome. We would also learn how they worshiped the sun, moon, and stars, and how they

even offered up their own people as sacrifices to them. They would talk to us about the children of this ancient people, and tell us of their rude, wild sports, and how they ate, where they slept, and in what kind of homes they lived.

When this people came to our country, from what land they came, how long they remained, and how they were driven out is still unknown. The mounds they built still hold within their bosoms the secret of their birth and death. Wise men have long sought to know these things, but have failed to learn them. Yet they have recently digged into the mounds and learned many things of the people who made them. These men have dug up many skeletons and compelled them to tell a part of their buried history. They have uncovered the altars of these strange people and learned how they worshiped and offered sacrifices. They have unearthed their tools and found out by what means their makers and owners lived. They have brought forth from the earth rude weapons and from them learned the story of their many battles. In the burial mounds have been found beads of shell and plates of bone and silver beautifully carved. These tell us that the builders of these mounds were fond of ornaments and decorations. Their pipes and dishes have been discovered in the earth, and from them these men

of learning have found out how they smoked and ate. They have examined the forms of the mounds and learned of the animals that then lived in the forests and rivers.

It seems strange that a people so great and powerful should have lived a very long time in this country and then have passed away, leaving so little to tell of the story of their lives. Yet it will be but a short time until the Indian who once roamed over our whole continent will be known only in history. Had he been driven from his hunting grounds by a people as wild and savage as himself, his history would have been buried with his bones among the rocks and in the caves of the mountains. He would not have left even so much as remains of the mound builders to tell how he lived, hunted, fought, and worshiped. But he was driven out by a people who wrote of him a history which will always remain in the world. They have photographed him, and long after the death of his race people will look upon his picture and learn of his features and dress. How fortunate it would have been for the world if some one had lived among the mound builders and had written for us a history of their life!

The most interesting of the mounds are near the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers. They are

not in the lowlands bordering the rivers, where the waters might wash them away. Their builders had looked upon these rivers when they rushed over their banks and swept through the forest or over the plains in a roaring torrent. They thus learned by experience that they would not be safe in the valley, so they buried their dead, erected their forts, and built their cities and towns upon the higher ground.

Men who have long wished to know the history of this people have studied the form, size, structure, and arrangement of their mounds. Through this study they have learned for what purposes they were made, and have so named them. There are treaty mounds, which mark the place where two contending tribes agreed to be at peace. There are fortification mounds, built to keep the enemy from the homes of the natives. There are monumental mounds, erected to commemorate their great warriors and the mighty deeds they had performed in battle. There are burial mounds, in which they buried their common dead. There are matrimonial mounds, where marriages were performed in the presence of the people. There are sacrificial mounds, where the people met to worship and offer sacrifices.

Near the source of the Mississippi on either side of the river are mounds in great number.

Men have traveled long distances to see them. They have examined them and named them treaty mounds. It is supposed that two great warlike tribes—one from the East and the other from the West—met here and contended in battle. When one tribe had conquered and the struggle was over, they buried their dead and made a treaty. In the treaty they agreed to become friends and unite as one people under one powerful king.

After their treaty was made they recorded it. They had no written language and no paper on which to write, so they wrote the record in symbols upon the ground. A series of memorial mounds is the record, and, though made very many centuries ago, it can still be read. Near by the riverside stands a mound much larger than the others. It represents the power and glory of a mighty tribe as it came forth to battle. It looks toward the rising sun as a symbol of its rising glory. As the sun comes forth in beauty and glory, so came they forth. Near by is another large mound which tells a different story. It faces the setting sun. As the sun runs its course and sets in darkness, so had their power and dominion departed.

Here also are two giant beasts each one hundred and sixty feet in length. They are joined together, showing that the power of the two great

tribes had been united. Here are found two altars, also united. They tell us that these people were not only to labor and fight together, but they were also to worship as one people. There are also many other mounds representing different animals. Each one has its own meaning. Some are lying, some are walking, some are fighting, some are flying, some are creeping, and some are swimming. In the center of all these is the form of a large turtle. It is a symbol representing the great king who was chosen to govern the two tribes after they were united. I wonder if he was as slow and homely as the animal whose figure represents him.

Their dead they usually placed in the ground Sometimes the bodies were buried in a standing position, sometimes they were lying down, and again they were sitting. Sometimes they were arranged in tiers one above another, and again in circles with their heads out and their feet pointing toward the center. Sometimes each grave contained a single body, and again many were buried in one common grave.

In some parts of the country are very large burial mounds in which it is supposed they buried their chiefs and famous warriors. From the charcoal and ashes found in many of the burial mounds it has been learned that some of the tribes burned

the bodies of their dead. Among the Indians there is a legend which tells why they gave up this custom. A renowned chief died and all his people prepared for the funeral. They gathered in great number at the place where his body was to be burned. The funeral pyre was made ready. The body was solemnly borne in by a chosen band of warriors and laid upon the pyre. The fire was then kindled under the body. The flames crept nearer and nearer, and just as they touched the body deep darkness fell on all the land. The sun, which they worshiped, had refused to shine. They thought the sun was angry with them and had hidden his face that he might not look upon such a scene. This so frightened them that they ceased to practice this custom, and ever afterward placed their dead away in the ground.

It has been learned that they not only burned their dead, but that they even sacrificed the living. They worshiped the sun, moon, and stars, and to these offered sacrifices twice each year. When winter was over, and the sun had returned from his long southern journey to quicken the northern world into life, they would offer up one of their number as a sacrifice. Again, when summer was ended, and the time of fishing, hunting, and harvesting was passed, they would sacrifice another of their number. In the spring a man

was sacrificed; in the fall a woman was the offering.

These people considered it to be the greatest honor to be thus slain as an offering. For this they thought they would always be remembered. So many of them offered themselves that it was necessary to choose one of them by lot. How strange and dreadful must have been the scene of sacrifice! The land was new, the people were wild, and God was unknown.

When the altar had been made ready, a large procession was formed of the people who had come from all the country around. The chosen offering was led around a large circle until he came in front of the altar. Here the procession stopped and the victim knelt. The people filled the space within the walls, and upon the walls there was a great multitude. As the victim knelt, a deep silence fell on all the people. There was not a sound save the wind as it whispered among the trees. Then an aged prophet came slowly forward, holding in his hand a rude iron sword. With this he cut off the head of the kneeling victim and placed it upon the bloody altar. The hungry flames leaped up and consumed it; and as the smoke from the altar ascended toward the heavens, a mighty shout of triumph went up from the gathered host. It rolled far away through the forest and over the

hills, telling that the deed had been done. The people then went to their homes to await the time of another offering.

There are also matrimonial mounds where the daughters of the people were given in marriage. As it is in our time, a marriage was followed by a feast. They were not such feasts as we now have, but I doubt not the people enjoyed them quite as much.

Plates of copper and silver have been found buried with many skeletons. These were beautifully carved and were doubtless worn as ornaments. Near the bones taken from the burial mounds have also been found bands of iron and silver, and beads of horn and bone. From these it has been learned that the mound builders decorated themselves with necklaces and bracelets. Curious pipes, quaintly carved and shaped like all kinds of animals, have likewise been found in these mounds.

Men have studied and striven to learn how many centuries have passed since the mound builders lived in America, but the secret is only partly known. Some learned men say they were driven from this country more than two thousand years ago. They also say that the mounds in the southern part of the United States were built many hundred years after the building of those in the

North. They were likewise occupied several hundred years after those farther north had been deserted by their builders. When white men first visited the mounds they found large trees in great numbers growing upon their tops and sides. Many of these trees were seven and eight feet in diameter and were six or seven hundred years old. There were also on the mounds large logs, showing that another generation of trees had grown up and passed away since the mounds had been used by the natives.

If two thousand years have passed since these people were last known in America, how long must be the time since first they looked upon our country! We learn that many and wonderful changes have taken place since their arrival. In the South have been found the skeletons of the mastodon, an animal very much like the elephant, but a great deal larger. This huge creature had disappeared from America even before the Indians were here. They knew nothing of him except what they learned from the skeletons found in different parts of the country. Though the skeletons are found here and there, they are most numerous in the swampy lands of the South. Here they are found frequently surrounded by charcoal and ashes, and lying near them are many arrows such as were used by the mound builders. It is

supposed that this large animal became mired as he attempted to cross the wet, swampy lands. While he helplessly floundered in the mud, the natives would approach within a safe distance and shoot their keen arrows at him. Afterward they would build a fire around him and partly consume his body. By this we know that they lived here within the lifetime of this enormous beast.

Human skeletons have been found more than a hundred feet below the surface of the earth. These are supposed to be the skeletons of the mound builders. How they found a burial place so deep in the ground has caused much study and speculation. They may have been buried in the valley, and after a long period of time been covered over with the soil washed from the mountain side. Again, the rivers and streams may have brought fresh soil from year to year and placed it upon their graves. Whether thus buried by the mountains or by the rivers, many long centuries must have passed while the burial was going on.

From the number and arrangement of their mounds, it is believed that these people were great in number, and that many of them lived in towns and cities. So many people could not have lived alone by fishing and hunting. There could not have been sufficient game in the forests

and fish in the rivers to supply their needs. No doubt some were fishermen, some were hunters, and some were farmers. This has been learned from the fish traps, weapons, tools, and other relics taken from their mounds.

These mounds have also served other purposes than those already mentioned. Sometimes they were joined by strong walls, and thus formed a fortification which protected the natives against their enemies. These fortifications are usually found on the high ground overlooking the water courses. The mounds at the corners of the fortifications were no doubt used as lookout stations. From their tops the people could look out over the land and the water, and readily observe the approach of an enemy. From these high towers they could signal to their friends on the mounds. In this manner the signal could be passed from city to city and from village to village, until the whole country was aroused and ready for war. They had no trained soldiers and no standing army. Each man was a soldier, and had his own simple weapons of defense. With these he was ever ready to defend his town and people against the attacks of an enemy. In times of peace, when they feared no danger, they used these signal stations in their hunting expeditions. They would mount to the tops of the mounds,

look out for the game, and then direct the hunters by means of signals.

Besides these wonderful earth mounds which have required so much time and labor to construct, in the southern part of the United States there are great mounds or banks of shells. It is supposed that the people in this part of the country lived chiefly on a certain kind of shellfish. These they caught and ate, then threw the shells in piles, which grew as the years passed, until they became enormous banks, some of which cover many acres in area. Among the shells of these mounds human skeletons have been found. This has led to the belief that some tribes of the mound builders were cannibals, and that they ate the flesh of their victims, then threw the bones among the shells.

Man knows but little concerning the length of time these ancient people dwelt in the valleys of America. However, he does know that they lived here a very long time. It is supposed that at first they were few in number, and increased until they became a powerful people. Their mounds are so large in size and great in number that with their imperfect tools it would have required many generations of these people to complete them.

Their mounds, pipes, ornaments, and tools are unlike those found in any other country. So long

a time had elapsed since they left the land whence they came, that they had forgotten all the customs and habits of that land. They came to a strange country, learned everything anew, and became a peculiar people, moved and controlled by their new surroundings.

When the mound builders came to America they found everything around them wild and strange. Plants were growing, and flowers were blooming free and uncultivated in the forests and on the plains. The wilderness abounded in fierce wild animals that had never looked upon the face of man. On the plains were great herds of horses that had never felt man's taming touch.

After long years of experience these people found that certain kinds of plants were useful. They took Indian corn from its southern home, cultivated it, and used it for food. From its mountain retreat they brought the potato, placed it in their fields and gardens, and made it a useful plant. Tobacco they found growing untouched by the animals of the plains, and cultivated it for the use of civilized man. Under their care wild flowers became domestic flowers, rare and beautiful. They caught and tamed many of the animals they found roaming the prairies and inhabiting the woods. It would require many cen-

turies to change so wonderfully the plant and animal life of any country.

The native land of these wonderful people is still unknown. Almost every writer claims that this was not their first home—that the Old World is the land of their birth. The manner of their coming is quite as much of a mystery as the land of their nativity. Both are yet but theories. Some writers think they may have lived in eastern Asia, whence they could easily have come to America. They then tell us of the great Pacific Ocean current that sweeps up along the coast of Asia far to the north, then turns and washes the western coast of our continent. As this current brings to our shores every year parts of wrecked and stranded vessels, they say that it could also have caught the vessels of this people and brought them to America. Some speak of another current that sweeps through the Atlantic from east to west. They remind us that the current which bore Columbus and his crew to the New World could also have borne the rude vessels of a less civilized people to our land. Others think the mound builders might have crossed the Behring Strait when it was frozen over and settled in America. They argue that this could have been easily done, as at this place Asia and America approach so near each other. As a proof of their

argument, they tell us that the mound builders came from the north and traveled the entire length of the continent. Others still tell us of a beautiful continent in the Atlantic Ocean just west of Africa, named Atlantis. A legend tells us of this continent as it was in the midst of the ocean more than ten thousand years ago. It was inhabited by a warlike people that conquered a great part of the Old World. Afterward the continent and all its people were swallowed up by an earthquake. These men believe the story of this island continent, and claim that some of its inhabitants may have come to America before the destruction of their native land.

When these people were destroyed or driven from our land they must have taken their secret with them. The manner of their departure seems as much a secret now as it was a century ago. Some learned men believe that a mighty, savage people swept down upon them from the north, drove them far to the south, and then destroyed them. Others claim that there is evidence that the whole people was swallowed up by a great flood. They believe that a great tidal wave rushed through the mountains and over the table-lands, which were not so lofty as they now are, and filled the valleys with a roaring, raging torrent in which the mound builders perished.

They have come and gone, and left in our land traces of their busy, active life. We know something of their character and manner of living. We desire to know more. Let us hope that soon the full story of their life may be learned and told to us.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Stern in mien and stern in creed,
  Yet yearning onward toward the light,
And seeking for no richer meed
  Than comes from faith in God and right,
They sowed the seeds of strength, and planned
  What time has shaped to higher grace,
And left an impress on the land
  No later weakness can efface.

The Old World was surprised and aroused by the discoveries of Columbus. All nations were anxious to extend their discoveries and share in the glory. Spain continued her explorations around the Gulf of Mexico. The Dutch sent Henry Hudson to the New World, and he discovered the beautiful river which still bears his name. Afterward they founded a colony where the city of New York now stands. The daring Hudson forced his way among the icebergs far to the north, and discovered the large bay which was named in his honor and in whose waters he found his grave. The northeastern coast of the United States was explored by the French and named

New France. Cartier carried the French flag still further north and discovered the St. Lawrence. He sailed up this river to the place where now stands the city of Quebec, and there established a colony. The French also settled at Port Royal, Acadia. For England the Cabots explored almost the entire Atlantic coast of America.

One hundred years after the death of Columbus there was not a single colony from St. Augustine in Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Many companies were formed in Europe for the purpose of founding colonies in the New World. Many wonderful stories of the beauty and riches of America were told the people, and they were urged to join expeditions of exploration and settlement. Those who had pleasant homes and were surrounded by friends did not wish to leave them for a home in a strange, unbroken wilderness, inhabited by wild and savage beasts and by a people almost as wild and savage.

In some of the countries of Europe there were people who had no pleasant homes, and who were surrounded by their enemies. In France there lived a religious people who were driven from their homes and had their property destroyed on account of their religion. Many of them fled to the mountains, but were pursued and slain. Some were condemned and burned at the stake. They

wished to leave France, but the rulers would not permit them to go. However, a few of them escaped secretly and fled to America. Here on the beautiful St. John's, in Florida, they made a settlement. Here they hoped to be free and happy; but they were not safe even here. Some wicked men followed them to their new home and killed them.

In England lived a Catholic noble with the title Lord Baltimore. He purchased a large tract of land in America on which to found a settlement. He desired to establish a colony which would be a refuge for the persecuted of all religions and of all nations. He died just before the title to the land was issued. The grant was then made to his son, Cecil Calvert, who carried out his father's plans. This colony was the first one founded in the present State of Maryland.

A settlement was also made in Georgia for some of the unfortunate people in England. The people of that country who were too poor to pay their debts were arrested and thrown into prison. James Oglethorpe became interested in these poor people and got permission of the king to offer to certain classes of them a home in America. Many of them gladly left their prisons and their humble homes to find freedom and other homes in the wilderness beyond the Atlantic. They settled in

the land of flowers, near the mouth of the Savannah River.

England was also the home of the Puritans, a religious sect that believed all people to be equal, and that no one, not even the king or queen, should say how they should worship God. They were a plain-spoken, honest, industrious people, who desired to follow the teachings of their own consciences. Many long years they were persecuted and imprisoned on account of their religion. If they attended their own church, they were fined and imprisoned; if they stayed away from the church of the king and queen, they were punished in the same manner.

For more than a hundred years they endured these persecutions, which became more and more severe. At length they began to think upon their burdens, and some of them resolved to leave their own country and seek a home among strangers. They decided to settle in Holland, a little country washed up on the shores of the stormy German Ocean. Here was offered a home for persecuted Protestants. Here with sword and musket have been fought many of the decisive battles of Europe. Here came this band of Puritans, and with Bible and hymn book began another battle which lasted almost two hundred years, and finally resulted in the independence of America.

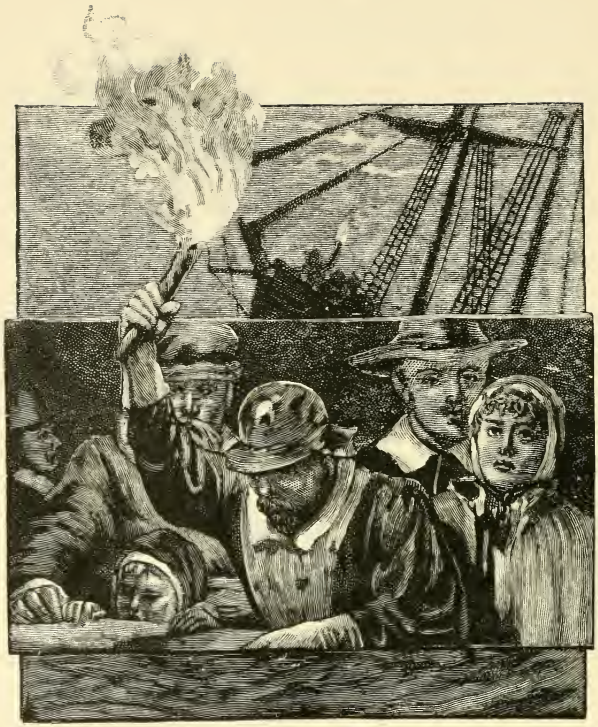
The Puritans who left England were ever afterward called Pilgrims, a name which means wanderers. They were strict in their conduct and carefully observed the Sabbath. The Dutch lived chiefly by commerce, and, like all commercial people, were careless in their habits and paid but little attention to the Sabbath. The Pilgrims had always been farmers, and could not become accustomed to the habits and occupations of the Dutch. They continued their sowing and planting, but the soil was ungrateful and would yield them little grain. The climate was cold and the winters were long and dreary. Those who had property divided with the needy, and all became poor together. Poverty came to every home. The children were taken from school and put to labor so hard that they became old while they were yet young. After a stay of twelve long years in a foreign land, among a peculiar people who spoke a strange language, all were anxious to seek a more favorable location.

Where should they go? They loved their mother country, although she had driven them from their homes by persecution. They longed to find a home in some of her colonies where they could preserve the purity of their language and train their children in the faith of their fathers. America offered such a home, but it lay far away

beyond the Atlantic and was inhabited by savages. Many argued that a people so poor could not make a voyage so long and expensive. However, they were inspired with the idea of liberty, political and religious, and would not be defeated. They were encouraged by the thought of a country where they could establish a colony wherein they could read their Bible and worship as they chose. So they decided to leave the Netherlands and sail for America. They were willing to brave the dangers of a long voyage, bear the burden of the expense, and face the savages of the New World, that they might secure that for which they had labored and suffered so long.

They appointed a committee to visit England and ask the king's permission to settle in America. The committee appeared before the king and touchingly told him of their sorrows of the past and of their hopes and desires for the future. They told him that they desired to form a settlement in the New World, where they could take the Bible as their guide both in government and in religion, and where they could worship according to their own belief. He refused their request, but promised not to trouble them in their new homes so long as they were well behaved.

The committee hastened to Holland and related what the king had said. The Pilgrims were



*On board the Mayflower.*

disappointed, but they decided to rely upon the promise of the king and settle in America. Those who had property sold it and put the money into a common fund. A ship was hired, and one summer morning, as the tide went out, all who were to go on the first voyage sailed for England. Here they tarried until September.

The Speedwell and the Mayflower were hired to carry the Pilgrims to their new homes. Twice did they put to sea, and each time were compelled to return and repair the Speedwell. Growing tired of delay, they abandoned the Speedwell and on board the Mayflower, September 22, 1620, left their friends and England forever. As this little band of one hundred men and women sailed from England, those who had driven them out little dreamed that the Mayflower was carrying into the wilderness across the Atlantic a spirit of freedom that would one day humble the pride of England and establish a great republic.

On November 11th (O. S.) the Mayflower anchored off Cape Cod. No friends were there to welcome the Pilgrims. Northward and southward along the coast as far as they could see was an unbroken forest. Behind them was the wide Atlantic. The moaning of the chill November winds, mingling with the roar of the ocean, made mournful music for them. A feeling of sadness

took possession of each one. Their hearts were heavy, but they were brave men and devoted women, and none thought of returning.

In the company was Captain Miles Standish, who had served as a soldier in the Old World. He was brave as a lion, yet sympathetic as a child. He was chosen captain of a little band of Puritan soldiers. With these he went ashore and spent three weeks in exploring the surrounding country. A place was selected for the settlement, and near the close of December a large house was built for the use of the whole company. For a time this was the only building. The company was afterward divided into nineteen families, and a house erected for each family.

Before landing, the Pilgrims all signed a written agreement that a majority of their number should always rule, and that they would always be obedient to those elected as their officers. This agreement was the first step toward our Constitution, which followed almost two centuries later.

The last day of the old year was Sunday. On this day all the company landed and marched to the little log cabin erected as a house of worship, and there spent the day in religious service. This was the first public worship ever held in New England, and this log cabin was the first house

within her borders ever dedicated to the Christian religion.

Captain John Smith, of the Jamestown colony, had explored this territory and given to the place where the Pilgrims landed the name New Plymouth. After all had gone on shore, they adopted the name given by Smith, that they might thus commemorate the kindness of their friends in Plymouth, England.

The Mayflower now returned and left them alone on a strange continent, reaching far into the frozen regions of the North and extending into the tropical regions of the South. Its forests were inhabited by beasts of prey and by hostile Indians. Their only white neighbors were a few Frenchmen shivering among the snows of Nova Scotia and a like band on the St. Lawrence; a company of Spaniards struggling among the swamps of Florida; and some English gentlemen searching for gold along the banks of the James River in Virginia.

The first summer was a busy one for the Pilgrims. Everything was new. They prepared the ground, and sowed and planted, that they might have bread for the coming winter. The soil was fruitful and rewarded them abundantly for their labor. After they had carefully gathered all the grain and placed it in a large log granary prepared

for it, they set apart the 11th day of December as a day of thanksgiving. Four men were sent out to secure meat for the occasion. They returned with a number of wild fowl and a few deer. A company of thirty-five of their friends from England arrived just in time for the feast. A number of Indians were invited, and together the red men and our Pilgrim Fathers observed the first Thanksgiving day in America.

While exploring the country, Captain Standish and his men found many graves and a few deserted wigwams, but saw no Indians. A short time afterward small bands of Indians were seen lurking near the settlement, but always retreated into the forest when approached by the whites.

One morning in early spring the colonists were greatly excited by an Indian walking boldly into their midst, exclaiming "Welcome!" to the Englishmen. This was Samoset, who had come from his chief, Massasoit, to tell the Englishmen they were welcome to their new home. This was the first visitor and this was the first word of welcome they had received in America.

Samoset told them that a plague had carried off almost all the Indians of that part of the country, and those who were left had fled in terror and joined themselves to their neighbors. He told them further that, as the territory where they had

settled now belonged to no one, they would not be disturbed. Massasoit, who had sent Samoset to the colony, entered into a treaty with the whites in which he agreed that neither he nor his people should ever do the Pilgrims any harm. This treaty was faithfully kept by Massasoit and his followers.

One day an unfriendly chief named Canonicus sent to Governor Bradford the skin of a rattlesnake filled with Indian arrows. A friendly Indian explained that this was his way of declaring war. The Governor returned to him the skin filled with bullets and powder, and there was no war. However, the Pilgrims became alarmed on account of the unfriendly actions of the Indians, and built around the settlement a high palisade. On a hill within the inclosure they built a fort with a flat roof. On the roof they placed their cannon, and used the room below for a church.

Thus they worshiped with their Bibles in one hand while with the other they grasped their swords.

Fifty years passed before the Pilgrims were disturbed by the Indians. Governor Bradford, the faithful Massasoit, and the brave Captain Standish had long been in their graves. Their places were filled by young men who had grown with the colony and had been accustomed to hard-

ships. They had become acquainted with the wilderness and loved it for the freedom it gave them. Their wives and children were there, and they were ready to defend them with their lives.

Many colonies were now scattered along the coast of New England. These were exposed alike to the attacks of the red men. Knowing how helpless they would be against the great hordes of savages surrounding them, in 1643 a number of them formed a union that they might better protect themselves against the attacks of the Indians. This union was another step toward the Declaration of Independence and our national Constitution.

An Indian chief named King Philip for a long time had been jealously watching the growth of the colonies, and determined to kill all the colonists. He visited all the Indians of New England and joined them in a league against the whites. The colony of New Plymouth was saved by a friendly Indian, who told the Governor about the plot of King Philip. The other settlements were not so warned, and many of their houses were burned and many of their people were slain. Plymouth joined with the other colonies in punishing the Indians for their cruelty. The war lasted two years, ending only when King Philip was hunted into the swamps and killed by an Indian guide.

Through sickness and death, through Indian wars and dreary winters, our Pilgrim Fathers conquered the wilderness and built for themselves homes. No drones were there. A noble purpose had brought them to America, and all toiled and suffered to accomplish that purpose. Churches, schools, and colleges were erected. The spirit of freedom was cultivated. The seed sown in the wilderness that bleak December day grew, budded, bloomed, and bore fruit in the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War, and the Constitution of the United States.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OUR UNKIND MOTHER.

When Liberty, by mother hands oppressed,
Threw off her galling chains and sought the West,
The tyrant could not brook to see her free,
And reached with envious hands across the sea;
But back recoiled in pain and baffled ire,
Burned by the coals of Freedom's altar-fire.

The first half of the eighteenth century found thirteen English colonies nestling among the hills and in the valleys along the Atlantic. They had been settled by different nations, but all had passed under the control of the powerful British Lion. The Dutch had come from the land of wooden shoes and windmills, and founded a colony in New Netherlands. From the land of Odin had come the sturdy Swede and settled in New Sweden. The English had founded colonies from New Hampshire to Georgia. The Calvinist, the Catholic, the Puritan, and the Quaker had each brought with him his own peculiar religious belief; yet they all worshiped the same God, and

were inspired by the same love of religious and political liberty. When the time of oppression came, they were alike ready to defend their liberty and their homes.

Though five hundred miles of wilderness lay between Massachusetts and Virginia, and though their people differed so much in character, they early became earnest friends. They had come from the same country; were governed by the same king; had passed through the same trials; spoke the same language; and had brought with them to the New World the same love of liberty. When the mother country passed oppressive laws, these colonies were always the first to oppose them. The other American colonies looked to these for advice and direction.

The colonists of Virginia had been taught by Captain John Smith that none should eat who would not work. In a few years the forests around Jamestown disappeared and the little town became surrounded with beautiful fields of wheat and corn. Tobacco was also raised in great abundance. Sir Walter Raleigh had learned from the Indians the use of tobacco and taught the people of England how to smoke. The plant had never been cultivated in England, so all the tobacco raised in Virginia was shipped there and exchanged for clothing and other goods manufac-

tured in the mother country. As the trade grew to be profitable, Parliament passed a law that all tobacco should be taxed before it could be sold in England. This caused Virginia to send her tobacco to Holland.

England desired that all the American colonies should trade with her, and passed several trade laws for the purpose of controlling all their imports and exports. The first one said no other country should trade with the colonies. This compelled the colonies to send all their products to the mother country, or use them at home. Under the second law other countries were permitted to trade with the colonies under certain conditions. The officers of the ships were required to take an oath that they would obey all the trade laws. If they failed to keep their oath, both their ships and goods were taken from them. Under this oath all vessels carrying products either to or from the American colonies were compelled to register at some port of England. Here their cargoes were taxed, then they were permitted to complete their voyages. If the cargo were made up of manufactured goods for the colonies, a tax was levied upon it, then it was carried to America. As the vessels returned with cargoes of wheat, corn, and tobacco, they again put into port, and again were taxed. Thus the colonists were compelled to pay

a tax to the mother country upon all they bought and upon all they sold.

Nothing was manufactured in America. If an American wanted a coat or a hat, he must buy it from the Old World. If a blanket or a pair of shoes were needed, it must be brought across the ocean. The colonists had no money with which to buy these goods. For them they must exchange their corn, wheat, and tobacco. As these were taxed so heavily by the mother country, the Americans decided that they would raise less grain and tobacco, and make their own clothing. As soon as a few rude shops and mills were erected in America, and the colonies began to manufacture for themselves, the British Parliament declared that no more goods should be manufactured in this country. The colonists might dig the ore from the mountains, and raise the wool and the cotton, but were not allowed to make a nail or weave a yard of cloth. The material must be sent to the mother country, made into articles for the colonies, then returned to them in English ships. These were severe laws, and would have brought much suffering to the colonists if they had been at all times obeyed.

The French had settled in Canada and in the Mississippi Valley, and the Spaniards had founded colonies in Florida. Neither one of these nations

liked England, and both were often at war with her. So long as they were neighbors to the American colonies, England feared they might persuade the colonists to join with them in a war against her. This fear caused her to allow the colonies and the countries trading with them to carry on an illegal trade. A great many people were engaged in smuggling. They would bring goods to America and sell them without paying the taxes assessed against them by the British Parliament. This was done secretly at first, but afterward was carried on openly. The officers who were appointed to collect the taxes were instructed to pay no attention to smuggling. Thus it was permitted to be carried on for almost a hundred years. So long as the colonists were allowed to get their goods in this manner, they offered but little objection to the trade laws.

After a while England and France had a quarrel and engaged in a war in the Old World. Their colonies took up the quarrel in America, and were soon engaged in a struggle which lasted eight years. The Indians joined with the French, and with them suffered defeat at the hands of the English. At the close of the war the French were compelled to give up all their territory in America, and the Spaniards, who had also joined in the war, granted Florida to England. In con-

quering the Indians and driving the French from America, England unconsciously did that which hastened the independence of her colonies. When the treaty of peace was signed, a Frenchman remarked: "So we are gone; it will be England's turn next." Twenty years afterward England signed a treaty by which she gave up all her possessions in what is now the United States.

The surrender of Canada and the Mississippi Valley by the French and the cession of Florida by the Spaniards greatly relieved the mother country. She now no longer feared the power of France and Spain in America, so she determined to treat her children just as she liked. The trade laws which had been so long disobeyed were now strictly enforced. Smuggling was ordered to be broken up. The colonies were again compelled to pay the taxes as required by the trade laws. This caused great complaint among the people.

The colonists were accused of concealing smuggled goods in their homes. An order was issued that all houses where the officers thought smuggled goods were concealed should be searched. Writs of assistance were issued to the king's officers, and they were thus empowered to enter the home of any man in search of smuggled goods. The colonists loved their rude homes, and

considered as enemies all men who should thus enter them unbidden. The first writ was issued in Boston. When the writ was applied for, the people became aroused and asked the court not to issue it. James Otis was then holding a high office under the king. The merchants of Boston appealed to him for assistance. He resigned his position under the king, and led the opposition to the writs of assistance. He was eloquent, fearless, and patriotic. He did not hesitate to do what he believed to be right. In a speech lasting five hours he earnestly and eloquently defended the homes and liberties of the colonists. When the merchants offered him a large fee for his services, he refused it, declaring, "In such a cause I despise all fees." John Adams heard the speech, and was so impressed with it that he afterward said, "The child of independence was born that day."

The first charters granted to the colonies were usually very liberal and gave the colonists many privileges. The king became jealous of the growth of independence under these charters and revoked many of them. They then became royal provinces and were governed by men sent out from England, or by men chosen by the king from among the colonists for that purpose. It made but little difference whether they were sent

from England or selected from the colonists, they always so conducted themselves as to become very unpopular. They oppressed the people, kept many servants, wore long robes of state, and in many ways imitated the king in their manner of living. These independent, common people did not like royalty in any form.

Edmund Andros was one of the royal governors chosen by the king. He was cold, cruel, and severe. He had no kindness for the common people, and they had none for him. He served many years as Governor of New York. In 1686 he was appointed Governor of all the New England colonies; but the little colony of Connecticut refused to recognize and obey him. They had a charter of their own, and decided not to surrender it to him.

One bright day in October, Andros marched into Hartford at the head of a body of soldiers. He had come to take from Connecticut her charter. He came into the hall where the Legislature was sitting and demanded that it should be immediately surrendered. A long discussion followed. The sun went down and the candles were lighted. The charter which they loved so much and under which they had enjoyed so many liberties was brought forth. Suddenly all the lights were put out, and when they were

again lighted the charter could not be found. John Wadsworth had seized it and in the darkness had hurried away to the forest, where he hid it in a large oak tree which was ever afterward called the Charter Oak. Here it lay safely concealed until the people grew tired of Andros, put him in prison, and afterward sent him to England. After he had sailed from America the colonists brought out their charter, elected their officers, and were governed as before.

The Charter Oak was afterward carefully watched and tended so long as it stood. It was blown down by a severe wind storm August 21, 1854. The watchman of the town heard it fall at one o'clock in the morning. As soon as the storm had passed he hastened to tell the people that the Charter Oak had fallen. Many thousands of people came to look at it. The band played a funeral dirge, and at nightfall the bells were tolled in memory of the fallen monarch of the forest.

The duties or taxes on American imports were so unpopular and caused so much disturbance in the colonies that they were taken off of all goods except tea. Immediately all the colonists resolved that they would drink no more tea. When cargoes of this article were brought to America they were either stored in damp cellars to spoil or were

returned on the ships that brought them. At Boston a ship anchored with a load of tea, and the captain of the vessel refused to return with it. At night a meeting was held at Faneuil Hall. The whole town was aroused and attended the meeting. After its close a company of men, disguised as Indians, hurried to the ship and threw the tea into the bay. This was called the Boston tea party.

The mother country became very angry with her children at Boston on account of their "tea party," and resolved to punish them. She ordered her officers in America to close the port of Boston and remove the seat of government to Salem. When this was done no more goods could be sent to Boston. In this way she hoped to humiliate and subdue the rebellious Bostonians, but she was mistaken in her judgment. She did not know the spirit of the American colonists. Goods were shipped to other towns and hauled in carts through the wilderness to Boston. The people of Massachusetts declared they would buy nothing more of England until she took the tax from tea. The women pledged themselves to drink no more tea and to wear nothing made in the mother country. The farmers raised sheep, that they might grow wool from which to make their clothing. Both the rich and the poor wore clothing made

from the coarse cloth woven in the colonies. Preparations were made for the manufacture of goods in America. England so keenly felt the action of the colonists that she repealed the Boston Port Bill and restored to Boston her rights.

The colonies were by the mother country considered as so many farms that were to be tilled and taxed for her benefit. In this the colonists did not agree with her. They were anxious to enjoy the blessings they had struggled so long to obtain. Persecutions at home had driven many of them to America. They had conquered the wilderness and built their homes in the New World. They had suffered and toiled; they had fought and conquered. During all this time their cry of hunger and suffering was not heard by their unkind mother. She had never reached out her strong arm to help them in their unequal fight. Her only offer of assistance was the promise to let them alone in America so long as they were well behaved.

At the close of the French and Indian War England was very much in debt. This war had greatly increased her expenses, and so added to her debt. Mr. Grenville was the prime minister of the mother country at this time, and it was his duty to protect all her interests. He announced in Parliament that the next year he would intro-

duce a Stamp Act for the purpose of raising money in America. By this means he hoped to have the colonies assist in paying the expenses of the war. Members of Parliament said that in this war the colonies had been defended against the attacks of the French and the Indians, and so should pay a part of the debt. They were forgetful of the fact that each colony had spent much money in the war, and had lost many of her bravest men. They did not consider that all the American homes had been exposed to the attacks of the savage Indians and the fearless French. They did not reckon that more had been gained for England than had been won for America.

Next year Grenville brought in the Stamp Act as he had promised. Under it all deeds, mortgages, marriage licenses, and newspapers should be stamped. The stamps were to be made in England, and no paper would be legal unless it bore a stamp. Each colony had sent an agent to England to plead for the liberties of her people. Franklin was there, and with all the power of his eloquence urged Parliament not to pass the bill. The bill passed with but little opposition. The only voice raised in Parliament in behalf of the colonies was that of Mr. Beckford. He said, "As we are stout, I hope we shall be merciful." When Franklin had failed and the bill had passed, he

wrote home, "The sun of American liberty has now set."

The colonists had hoped and believed that Parliament would not pass the bill. They had great faith in the king, and believed he would not permit his colonies to be thus taxed without their consent. He might have raised his voice in behalf of his people in the New World, but he was not able. He had been attacked by one of his fits of insanity, and could not even control himself. He knew nothing of what Parliament was doing. After the Stamp Act had been passed, it was signed by men appointed to sign it for the poor, unfortunate king.

The news sent home by Franklin carried sorrow to the hearts and homes of the colonists. The day on which the act was to go into effect was set apart as a day of fasting and of prayer. Bells were tolled, the stamps were collected and burned, and those who were appointed to distribute the stamps were compelled to resign. Soon mourning gave place to action. The Legislature of Massachusetts met and issued a call to all the colonies, asking them to send delegates to a general congress to be held in New York. Nine colonies sent delegates to the meeting. They drew up a petition in which they declared their allegiance to the king, set forth their rights as citi-

zens, and prayed for the repeal of the Stamp Act. One copy of the petition they sent to the king and another to Parliament.

The Virginia Legislature was in session when the news was received that the Stamp Act had passed. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were there. There was also present a young man named Patrick Henry. He had spent most of his life in the country, where he wandered through the woods, hunted the wild deer, and dreamed beneath the branches of the trees. He had experienced liberty, had enjoyed it, and was ready to defend it. He snatched a blank leaf from an old law book and wrote a series of resolutions. These he defended with such eloquence and earnestness as to call forth the cry of "Treason!" In closing he said: "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" Thus "Virginia gave the signal to the continent," and there was opposition to the Stamp Act in every colony.

The Rev. George Whitefield, of Georgia, feelingly exclaimed, "My heart bleeds for America." The Church said, "Our mother should remember that we are children, not slaves." Samuel Adams declared that if England did not repeal the Stamp Act, America would. He also wrote a pamphlet called The Rights of the Colonies. It was copied

in England and created great excitement. The colonies were loyal to the king, but thought Parliament had no right to tax them. They considered their colonial assemblies to be their parliaments, and, if they were to be taxed at all, their assemblies should levy the tax. They had long believed that the mother country had no right to tax them without their consent. They also believed that "taxation without representation is tyranny," but Samuel Adams was the first American bold enough to openly declare what he believed. This he did in The Rights of the Colonies, and was ever afterward called the Father of the Revolution.

While the colonies were uniting in America their cause was gaining strength in England. Grenville had become so unpopular with his people that he was forced to give up his position as prime minister. Those who were more friendly to America were coming into power. William Pitt became prime minister. He was then an old man and in failing health, yet "he called back all the power of his former eloquence" and pleaded the cause of the colonies. He demanded the repeal of the Stamp Act, and declared, "I rejoice that the colonies have resisted." In his defense of the colonies he said: "America is the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the basis

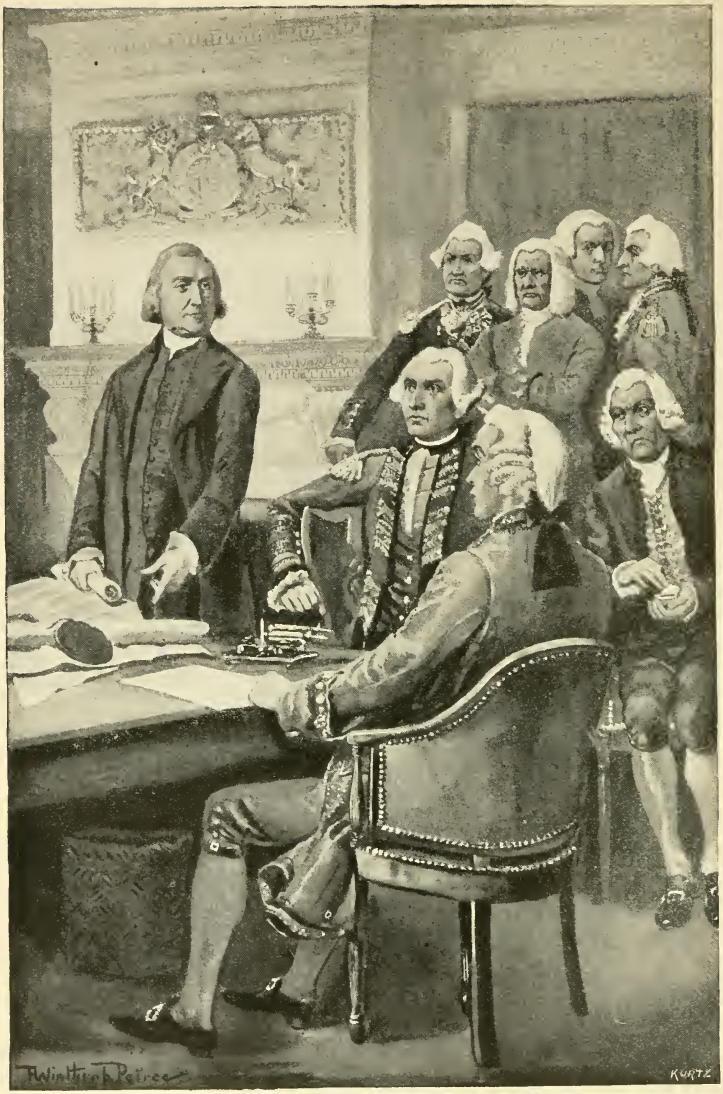
of our power." Pitt was assisted by the eloquent Edmund Burke. While speaking against the Stamp Act and in behalf of the colonies he said: "Our times of scarcity would have been times of famine had it not been for the colonies." Through the efforts of such friends of America the Stamp Act was repealed, and there was great rejoicing both in England and America.

Before three full years had passed the colonies were again aroused by the conduct of the mother country. Parliament passed a law providing for a standing army in America. By the law the colonists were compelled to furnish food and shelter for the soldiers. The mother country claimed that it was necessary to send over an army to protect her children against the attacks of the Indians. For more than a hundred years they had protected themselves, and they knew full well that this was not the cause of the mother's seeming kindness. They knew that the purpose of the army was to subdue the spirit of liberty that had grown so strong and bold in the wilderness of the New World.

As Massachusetts had been the boldest in her rebellion against the acts of Parliament, the first soldiers were sent to Boston. Two thousand came ashore and demanded food and shelter. The sight of the British red-coats parading the quiet streets

of their town aroused within the people a spirit of hatred and indignation. They knew the evil influence of such men upon the character of their young people. They knew, too, that while a standing army was in their midst their liberty was in danger. They objected, yet obeyed the law. The Pilgrims were a strict, religious people and could not become used to the loose habits of the soldiers, who spent the nights in drinking and the days in quarreling. On the Sabbath day the roll of the drum and the shouts of the drunken men mingled with the sound of the church bells. Respectable people were insulted on the streets by the British soldiers. Frequent quarrels took place between the soldiers and the young men of the town.

On the 5th of March, 1770, a crowd of men and boys attacked a company of soldiers with stones and blocks of ice. The soldiers fired into the crowd, killing three and wounding five. The church bells immediately rang the alarm and soon the streets were filled with angry people. They demanded the removal of the troops from the town. Samuel Adams was sent to Governor Hutchinson to make known the demands of the people. He argued with the Governor that for the love of life and the peace of Boston he should remove the troops. The Governor replied that he had no authority to remove the soldiers. Adams renewed




*"Both regiments or none."*

his demand, and the Governor consented to remove one regiment. Adams indignantly responded that if he had the authority to remove one he could remove both regiments. He further demanded that he should remove both regiments or none. "Both regiments or none," became the cry of the people, and both regiments were removed.

The love of the colonists for the mother country was never stronger than it was at the close of the French and Indian War. They had fought side by side with the British soldiers and their blood had moistened the same plains. They had marched, fought, and suffered for one common cause. England had assisted them in subduing the Indians and in driving out the French. Thus far there had been no thought of a separation from England. Every one feelingly spoke of that country as his home. A distinguished Englishman, named Pownall, had spent many years in America and was well acquainted with the spirit of her people. He said of them: "They would sacrifice their dearest interests for the honor and prosperity of the mother country."

Persecutions at home had driven many of the colonists to the New World. Into the wilderness they had brought the bold spirit of liberty. The forests they had changed to fields and meadows. The Indians had ceased prowling around their

homes and the howl of the wolf was no longer heard. The first log cabins had given way to more comfortable homes. The hamlets of a few rude cabins had grown to villages and the villages had become towns. This wonderful change had been wrought by their own hands. Seeing their prosperity, the mother hoped to profit by it. She began by placing upon them burdens, small at first, but which she increased as the colonists became more prosperous.

These burdens they bore for more than a hundred years and affectionately clung to the mother country through all her unkindness to them. At length their spirit rebelled. Hardships and dangers had made them strong and brave. They had fought by the British soldiers in the ranks of war and had shown themselves their equals. American officers had been trained on the field of battle. The French had been driven from Canada, and Spain had given up Florida. They no longer feared these nations. They were now ready for the struggle which was to separate them from the mother country and lay in America the foundation of a great republic.

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE FATHER OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

Great in his soul's undaunted will,
Not conquering Rome nor warlike Greece
Eclipse his fame; but greater still
In all the gentler arts of peace,
We marvel that such warrior might
Should nerve the hand of patient love,
And half forget the eagle's flight,
To bless the olive-bearing dove.

Near the mouth of a small stream that flows into the Potomac River stands a stone slab. It bears the date February 22, 1732. This stone marks the birthplace of George Washington, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The house in which he spent the first years of his childhood has long since disappeared, and only a few wild flowers and trailing vines remain to show where once were the yard and garden.

While Washington was quite young his father moved to his plantation on the Rappahannock River near Fredericksburg. The house was old-

fashioned and stood on a beautiful knoll from which one could see the river silently winding through the woods, and through the leaves and branches could catch a glimpse of the gleam of silver as the sunlight fell upon the surface of the water. Here quickly and happily passed his early boyhood. He roamed the hills, fished in the river, and hunted in the forest. His playmates he considered his soldiers, which he armed, drilled, and led into many a harmless battle.

It was the custom among the wealthy colonists to send their boys to the mother country to receive their education. In keeping with this custom, the brothers of Washington were sent to England, but he remained at home and from America received an education which was to lead him to greatness and her to independence. His schoolboy days were spent in the "Old Field Schoolhouse," where the old sexton taught him reading, writing, and ciphering. The instruction at school was of the simplest kind, but from his father he received daily lessons in industry, honesty, and truthfulness.

When Washington was eleven years old his father died, leaving him and his brothers to the care of his mother, who proved worthy of her important trust. From her he inherited a high temper and a commanding spirit, and from her he

learned the lessons of self-control. Soon after the death of his father he completed his studies under the old sexton, and went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he attended a higher school, and soon became known for his backwardness, neatness, and truthfulness. An old lady said: "He was a very bashful young man. I used often to wish he would talk more." He gave most of his time to the study of higher mathematics and practical surveying. When out of school he surveyed the fields of the neighboring farms, and kept a neat record of all his work.

The soldier friends of his brother made frequent visits to Mount Vernon, and their conversation often turned to the subject of war. They repeated the stories of their experience and described the battles in which they had been engaged on the ocean. Washington was always an attentive listener, and doubtless these stories aroused within him the military spirit which had shown itself in his earlier boyhood. He was now only fourteen years of age, but he was anxious to become a sailor. His mother gave her consent, and he prepared to go to sea. His trunks were on the ship and he was ready to sail. His mother thought of the great wide ocean and all the dangers of the deep, and persuaded him to remain at home. He gave up his sailor life and returned to his studies.

Lawrence Washington had married the daughter of a wealthy Englishman named Fairfax. The two families were often together, and in this way young Washington became acquainted with Lord Fairfax. One was a man past middle life, the other was a boy not yet sixteen, but they became warmly attached to each other. Lord Fairfax was fond of the chase and always kept his kennels filled with a choice pack of hounds. Learning that Washington was a daring horseman and fond of sport, Fairfax often invited him to join him in the chase. Before sunrise they would mount their horses and all day long would gallop heedlessly over the hills and through the woods, guided only by the baying of the hounds.

Beyond the mountains Fairfax owned a large tract of land which he desired to have surveyed and laid out in farms. The neatness and accuracy of Washington's work so pleased Lord Fairfax that he employed him to survey this tract of land, though he was but sixteen years of age. In March, with tent and compass, Washington and Lord Fairfax crossed the mountains, whose tops were still covered with snow, and came into the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. Winter still lingered on the mountain tops, yet spring had already come to the valley. Washington was pleased but not delighted with the beauty of his

surroundings. He wrote a description of the scenery, but his imagination painted no beautiful pictures. He appreciated what he saw more for its usefulness than for its beauty.

While engaged in this work a company of Indians camped near their tent. These were the first Indians Washington had ever seen. They were fresh from the warpath, and proudly displayed the scalps they had taken. Their war dance and war whoop at night greatly alarmed Washington and his few comrades, but with the approach of day they stealthily vanished into the forest and left Washington to continue his work. So well did he perform his duty that he was appointed public surveyor. He held this position three years, when he was appointed adjutant general of one of the military districts of Virginia.

He immediately began preparing himself for the duties of his new position. His brother's home at Mount Vernon was converted into a military school. Here Washington studied the manual of arms and was trained in the arts of war by the soldier friends of his brother Lawrence.

Washington and his brother were strongly attached to each other. Lawrence looked with pride upon his truthful young brother, while Washington reverenced Lawrence for his honesty, scholarship, and soldierly bearing. When on

account of failing health Lawrence decided to visit the Barbadoes, Washington went with him. Two weeks after their arrival Washington took ill with the smallpox, the marks of which remained with him during his life. The change of climate brought but little relief to Lawrence, and he returned to Mount Vernon to die. In his will he made provisions whereby the old homestead at Mount Vernon afterward became the property of Washington.

Both the French and the English claimed the land lying in the Ohio Valley. The French built forts along the rivers and urged the Indians to break their friendship with the English and attack their settlements. The Governor of Virginia decided to send a commissioner to Fort Venango to strengthen the friendship of the Indians and to urge the commander of the fort to withdraw his soldiers from the valley. Between Fort Venango and Virginia lay an almost unbroken wilderness through which were roaming bands of unfriendly Indians. None but the bravest and most daring would undertake a journey so full of difficulties and dangers. Washington was not yet twenty-one years of age, yet the Governor chose him to carry his message to the French commander.

He did not hesitate, but immediately set out upon his perilous journey. On his way he visited

the principal Indian village and invited the chiefs to meet him in a council. He persuaded them to renew their pledges of friendship for the English, and from them learned many important things about the French in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio. He arrived at the fort and delivered the message to the commander. After a delay of several days he set out upon his return. It was now midwinter and the snow lay deep on the ground. The streams were swollen and full of floating ice. Before he had gone far on his return journey the horses gave out, and with a single companion Washington proceeded on foot. On the way they fell in with a band of Indians and secured one of their number as a guide, but he proved unfaithful and tried to kill Washington. In crossing the Monongahela River their little raft was crushed to pieces by the floating fields of ice, and they were compelled to spend the night on a small island in the river. Next morning they made the shore on the ice, and Washington returned safe to Virginia and presented the answer of the French commander to Governor Dinwiddie.

Soon after the return of Washington the great war which was to decide whether France or England was to govern America was begun. Washington immediately enlisted and became a soldier

in the king's army under the brave General Braddock. In the first battle with the Indians many English soldiers were killed, General Braddock was fatally wounded, and the remainder of the army was saved only by the bravery of Washington. Wherever the bullets and arrows flew thickest, there he was urging on the brave Virginians. Two horses were shot under him and four bullets pierced his clothing, but with his little band of Virginians he kept back the Indians until the remnant of the army retreated to a place of safety. Three days after the battle General Braddock died, and in the gloomy wilderness, while the night wind made mournful music among the trees, Washington read the funeral service over his dead general. His body was then silently laid to rest.

In one of the campaigns Washington stopped at the home of a friend, where he met a young widow named Custis. A strong attachment sprang up between them, and when they separated she promised to become his wife as soon as he returned from the war. At the close of 1758 he resigned his commission in the army, and on the 6th of January, 1759, they were married. They retired to the old homestead at Mount Vernon, where Washington hoped to spend his life in the quiet enjoyment of his friends and home.

As a boy Washington was ever fond of dogs

and horses, and this fondness seemed to increase with his age. In his kennels were the finest hounds to be found in America, and his stables were filled with the best horses to be purchased in the country. He seemed as fond of them as a parent is of his children. Neatly written with his own hand was kept a record of the name, age, and description of each one. When he returned to Mount Vernon he gave himself up to the enjoyment of his home and its surroundings. A part of his time he spent in riding over his large estate and in giving directions for its management. Two or three days of each week he spent in hunting and fishing. Sometimes he could be seen dashing heedlessly over the hills and through the woods in pursuit of his hounds, and again quietly paddling his canoe along the shores of the Potomac in search of wild ducks.

His happy, quiet home life was soon to give place to the stormy life of a soldier. The oppression of England had become so severe that there were threats of resistance and signs of war. The great Revolution which brought independence to the colonies of America was approaching. Officers who had fought with Washington in the French and Indian War visited him and there were long secret councils. Companies of soldiers were formed and Washington was called upon to re-

view them. Mount Vernon took upon itself the appearance of war.

Through all the exciting scenes which preceded the Revolution, Washington calmly awaited the result. He did but little to increase the excitement of the people, yet he often wrote to his friends, lamenting that the mother country was so blind to her own interest as by her oppression to drive her children to rebellion. When the crisis came he was chosen commander of the colonial army. He declared he would devote his life and his fortune, if needful, to the cause of the people, and would accept no pay for his services. He said he would keep an accurate account of all his expenses and ask that these be paid. More than that he would not accept.

He left his home, and in company with Lee and Schuyler hastened to Cambridge to take command of the army. It was a strange army with which to oppose the disciplined troops of England. Men were there who had left their plows standing in the field and hastened to the defense of their liberties; and boys whose mothers had given them tearful farewells and urged them to prove worthy of the cause for which they were about to fight. Some had guns, some were armed with swords, some had scythes for weapons, while others had no arms at all. Each soldier wore a

*Washington at Monmouth.*

suit made from cloth woven in his own neighborhood. They were without uniform, without discipline, and without arms, but they were terribly in earnest. On the 3d of July the troops were marshaled on the commons, and with drawn sword Washington took command of the little army he was to lead to glory and to victory.

We can not follow our hero through his long struggle for American independence. We can not go with his little band of patriots as barefoot they fly before the British army across the frozen plains of New Jersey. We can not stop to witness their struggle against the fields of ice in the Delaware, and cold and hunger at Valley Forge. We must be content to say that in America there was a patriot so brave and so true to his native country as to successfully lead his little band to victory against the trained armies of England, and to break the bands of oppression, thus bringing the blessings of liberty to the colonies of the New World.

When the war was ended Washington assembled his soldiers and bade them an affectionate farewell. In speaking to them, he referred to their suffering and sacrifices, praised their bravery and heroism, spoke of their hopes for the future, and urged them to be as patriotic in peace as they had been brave in war. As the officers came for-

ward and took the hand of their commander in chief there was a solemn silence broken only by the sobs of the men. Having taken leave of his men, he hastened to Annapolis, where Congress was in session, resigned his commission, and returned to Mount Vernon on Christmas eve, 1783. Surely a merry Christmas followed his arrival at the old homestead.

After his return to Mount Vernon most of his time was occupied in looking after his business at home. Eight years had wrought many changes in the affairs of his estate, and the war had brought to him great financial loss. His few leisure hours he spent in the chase, but his dogs were less faithful than those with which he used to chase the foxes through the forests around Mount Vernon. General Lafayette sent him choice hounds from France, but they were not fond of chasing American foxes. His evenings were spent in social amusements with his friends. In this manner he hoped to spend the remainder of his life, but his people had still other work for him to do.

A Constitution for the thirteen colonies had been adopted, and under it some one was to be chosen President. Washington was in every mind and his name was upon every tongue. He was unanimously elected to rule the country for which

his bravery had won independence. As soon as he learned of his election he set out in his carriage for the seat of government. All along his journey the people hastened to see him and do him honor. At Trenton bells were tolled, cannon were fired, and the children of the town came out to meet him and scatter flowers in his way. At New York the display was even greater than at Trenton. The city from which he had fled with his little band of ragged patriots ten years before, he now entered amid the strains of music, the tolling of bells, the booming of cannon, and the shouts of a happy people.

As President he served his country eight years. At the close of his second term he refused a re-election, issued his Farewell Address, and sought rest in the quiet of his home.

Soon there were rumblings of war between France and the United States, and Washington was again called to the command of the army. The war cloud passed away, and peace again settled upon our country. Washington then returned to Mount Vernon, where he passed away, December 14, 1799, and was quietly laid to rest amid the scenes he had loved so well.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FRIEND OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

The friend of struggling Liberty,
He heard her call across the sea,
Nor let her call in vain.
Now where his hero blood was shed
Let freemen come with silent tread
And stoop to kiss the stain.

The American colonies were not left to battle alone in their great struggle against the mother country. All civilized people were anxiously watching the progress of freedom in the New World. The boldness of the colonists in adopting the Declaration of Independence was applauded by the liberty-loving people of every nation. The spirit of liberty was abroad in the land. It was only waiting an opportunity to express itself. In America it found expression in our great Revolution, and continued to speak until it changed the government of many nations. Monarchs could not subdue it, nor was the ocean a barrier to its progress. In almost every country of Europe there were those who rejoiced at our success and sor-

rowed over our defeats. They were inspired by the cause for which we fought and hoped that victory might be ours.

From Ireland, Russia, Germany, and France came brave and chivalrous men to offer their service and their lives to the cause of the colonies. Kosciusko came from his far-away home in Poland and gallantly served in the American army throughout the war. When freedom's cause had triumphed in the New World, he returned to his native land and defended it against the tyranny of the Old World. Count Pulaski was exiled from Poland because he dared to make known his love of liberty. In France he heard from the eloquent Franklin the story of our wrongs and immediately sailed for America. He joined our patriot army and was killed in the siege of Savannah. The brave De Kalb was a German soldier serving in the French army. He learned of our struggle and was inspired with the justness of our cause, so he crossed the Atlantic, joined the American army, and fell on the field of Camden. Baron Steuben left fame, friends, and fortune in Germany that he might share the trials and defeats of the colonists and the final triumph of their cause. He had served on the staff of Frederick the Great, and knew much of the military tactics of that famous statesman and warrior. This knowledge was after-

ward of great value to the American army. Congress appointed Steuben inspector general of the army. He found the soldiers brave, patriotic, and earnest, but without the discipline and skill necessary to contend with the trained forces of Great Britain. By his superior knowledge and experience he was able to organize the undisciplined patriots into an army such as put to flight the regulars of England. After the close of the war he retired to a farm which Congress had granted him in New York. There he quietly spent the remainder of his life, proud of the country whose freedom he had fought to secure.

The greatest and most loved of all those who came from foreign countries and gave their service to the cause of the colonists was General Lafayette, of France. He eagerly caught the story of our struggle as it fell from the lips of the great Dr. Franklin. He espoused our cause with all the strength and earnestness of his noble, generous nature. His youthful spirit prompted him to hasten to America and join in the struggle.

His ancestors were brave and chivalrous and strongly leaned toward the side of political freedom. Young Lafayette was inspired by the same love, and while yet in his youth openly declared his allegiance to the principles of his ancestors. The oppressed of every land found in him a gen-

erous and sympathizing friend. He watched with gravest interest the progress of the Revolution in America. He heard our petitions and prayers to our powerful mother country, and longed to intercede in our behalf. He heard our groans and cries under British oppression, and was anxious to bring us relief. He knew we were longing for greater freedom, a higher form of government, and he wished to see us triumph. He knew and felt how great would be the blessing that our success would give to the world. He saw the star of liberty rising in the New World, and longed to worship there.

He was but nineteen years of age and was rich and powerful among his people. His beautiful young wife pleaded with him to remain at home, and his native country offered him every comfort and every honor, yet he heeded them not. So long as France was at peace with other nations, and there was no strife among her people, she gave the young hero no opportunity to strike a blow for his cherished principles. America offered the opportunity, so he left home, wife, friends, and native land, and crossed the Atlantic.

At no time in the history of our struggle did the colonists more greatly need assistance. Never did the immortal Washington stand in greater need of friends who would trust and aid

him. Washington had been driven from Long Island and compelled to hurry from place to place to save his half-clad army. Afterward he was driven in hurried flight across New Jersey by the British under Cornwallis. The story of Washington's retreat is one of the saddest in all our history. The soldiers were disheartened and half clad. Many were barefoot and left their blood-stained footprints on the frozen ground as they fled before the advancing British. These were the darkest hours of Washington's life. The colonies could not pay their soldiers, nor had they any credit abroad. Few believed the colonists could much longer continue the unequal contest.

While gloom thus shrouded the American cause, Lafayette was crossing the Atlantic on his errand of patriotism. He arrived in South Carolina in April, 1777. Soon after landing he rewarded the bravery of General Moultrie by presenting him with arms and clothing for one hundred men. His arrival brought joy and hope to the hearts of the people. He hastened to Philadelphia and offered himself to Congress as a volunteer without pay. Congress accepted his services and appointed him major general in the United States army. He was taken into Washington's family, where between them began a friendship true and lasting.

*General Lafayette.*

When Washington's patriot army met the British on the banks of the Brandywine in August, Lafayette was there. It was his first battle in America. His deep sympathy and generous conduct had drawn his men closely to him. When he commanded, there were no stragglers. Where he led, none hesitated to follow. His presence was an inspiration to the whole army. Where the balls were flying thickest he hesitated not to lead his brave command. Early in the battle he was wounded in the leg, but still pressed the fight. Not only did he continue to command his men, but he fought with them in the ranks. His courage prompted them to deeds of heroism.

He remained in America until the autumn of 1778. Wherever his service was most needed, there he hastened to go. Eighteen months he spent in fighting for the cause he had so earnestly espoused. Then came rumors of war from across the waters. They were the distant rumblings of the French Revolution which followed so soon after England had acknowledged the independence of the American colonies. Lafayette felt that his highest duty was to serve his own country in her time of need. So he asked Congress for permission to return to his native land.

His short stay in France bore rich fruit for the

American cause. He visited other countries, and there spoke in highest praise of the spirit and courage of the American people. His youthful enthusiasm and simple eloquence greatly impressed those who heard him. He aroused his own people and persuaded the king to assist the colonies. As the war cloud seemed to scatter and his country no longer needed his service, Lafayette prepared to return to his adopted country. In April, 1780, he arrived in Boston, and "continued his career of glory."

The day of his arrival was celebrated as a day of rejoicing. The business houses were closed and gayly decorated. The bells of the town rang out their welcome; the cannons of the forts pealed forth their noisy greeting; and the people came out to meet the gallant defender of American liberty. He hastened to meet his old friend Washington and cheer him with the glad news that large re-enforcements were on their way from France. His return brought new hope to the country and fresh courage to his soldiers. Congress had no money with which to pay the soldiers for their service. The time of their enlistment had expired. They were disheartened, hungry, and poorly clad. Many of them laid down their arms and returned home. At this time the generous Lafayette borrowed ten thousand dollars on

his own credit and supplied those in greatest need with food and clothing.

Arnold's treason brought to Lafayette the most unpleasant duty he was called upon to perform in America. Major André was sent to treat with the traitor Arnold, and on his return was captured by three Americans and turned over to the military authorities for trial. The papers relating to the treaty with Arnold were found upon him and he was condemned as a spy. Lafayette was one of the commissioners who were to determine André's guilt or innocence, and fix the penalty, if found guilty. He was found guilty, and under the rules of war was sentenced to die. Lafayette deeply regretted that one so brave and so generous should thus be put to death.

Lafayette bravely led his command in the battle of the Brandywine and was a prominent figure on the field of Monmouth. He was assigned a special command and did valiant service for the American cause in many minor engagements. He was with Washington at the siege of Yorktown and witnessed the surrender of the boasted British army to the combined forces of the French and Americans. With the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown came the close of the war.

Lafayette came to assist the colonies in their

struggle to free themselves from the oppression of the mother country. When Cornwallis surrendered, he felt that his task had been performed. He again asked for permission to return to France.

In the spring of 1782 he once more arrived in his native land. Everywhere he was joyfully greeted by the people, and the king showed him greatest respect. All Europe hastened to honor the man who was so devoted to freedom's cause that he left his native land to assist a struggling people in a foreign country. In the midst of his triumphs he did not forget the anxious people whom he had left in the New World. He exerted all his influence to secure the recognition of their independence and the withdrawal of the British troops from America. When at length the treaty of peace was signed at Paris, Lafayette immediately chartered a fast-sailing vessel, and sent it across the ocean with the good news to the waiting Americans. No influence was so powerful as his in giving the new republic a good name among the countries of Europe. In whatever country he visited he spoke in highest praise of the honesty, loyalty, and patriotism of the American people.

Within the year following the treaty of peace he visited America the third time. He was anxious to visit the scenes where he had fought and suffered. His heart yearned to meet his old com-

panions in arms. He longed to mingle with the people for whom he had fought. In August, 1784, he again arrived in New York. His coming was hailed with joy by a free and happy people. His visit at the beginning of our new life of independence was a source of strength as well as pleasure. Through him the people of France and America were closer bound. To the local assemblies and the Congress of the States he brought lessons of highest political wisdom.

When he returned to his native country it was distracted with war. The great French Revolution had begun. In the years that followed, Lafayette was swallowed up in the bloody whirlpool of the Revolution. He advised, suffered, and fought. He was thrown into prison and confined in a dungeon, but long afterward released. It is pleasant to know that during these dark days of his life he was not forgotten by his friends in America. His faithful friend Washington wrote earnestly in his behalf, and the Government made every possible effort to secure his release. After his imprisonment he was further remembered by our people to whom he had given so much and for whom he had made so great sacrifice. Congress voted him two hundred thousand dollars and two large tracts of land as a partial reward for his great service. In 1824 it became known in Amer-

ica that the gallant hero desired once more to visit the people and scenes he loved so well. Congress immediately requested the President to invite him as the nation's guest. Forty years had passed since his last visit to our country. Then he was in the vigor of young manhood. Now he was an old man. The generation that first welcomed him to our land had passed away and a new one had come forward to cherish and defend the liberty so dearly bought by the colonists. Generals Gates, Greene, and Schuyler had long been in their graves. The great Washington had been sleeping a quarter of a century in his tomb at Mount Vernon.

Many changes had also come to our country. The villages had grown to towns and the towns had become cities. The colonies had become States and the number had been increased to twenty-four. By the Treaty of Paris the limit of the United States was set at the lakes on the north, the Mississippi on the west, and the Spanish possessions on the south. By the purchase of Louisiana we had since leaped across the Mississippi and swept away over plains and mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Florida had also been purchased and our southern boundary extended to the Gulf of Mexico. The spirit of freedom which had so long struggled against the tyranny of the

Old World was now firmly established in the New.

When Lafayette reached America he found a free, prosperous, and happy people, who had not forgotten his great services to them. A national salute from the guns of one of the forts announced his arrival in New York Harbor. On the day following he was taken on board a steamer and carried to the city. Following in the wake of the steamer were the vessels of all nations with their colors gayly flying. The city was given over to rejoicing. Business was suspended, and the people crowded to the place where the hero was expected to land. In the midst of roaring cannon, ringing bells, flying banners, and the shouts of the people Lafayette landed. He visited the capitals of the twenty-four States, and all along his journey was honored and feasted by the citizens. As he looked upon the cultivated farms and the beautiful cities of the West he was surprised to see such wonderful progress.

When he had completed his tour of the States, he visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. As he stood with bowed head before the tomb he thought of Washington's kindness to him, and of the many hardships they had experienced together. He recalled the scenes at Valley Forge and the struggle at the Brandywine and at Mon-

mouth. He remembered also the siege of Yorktown and the final triumph of the cause for which they had suffered and fought. The heart of the old warrior was filled with sorrow and he wept. It is said that, while the old hero thus stood in the presence of the dead, a large eagle, the emblem of our nation, arose slowly out of the hills and sailed majestically over where he stood and out over the country beyond.

He returned to Yorktown, where he had assisted in besieging Cornwallis into a surrender that brought peace to our land and joy to our people. While there he joined in celebrating the anniversary of that event. He was invited to lay the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument on June 17th. He attended the ceremonies, performed his pleasant duty, and listened to the eloquent Daniel Webster as he spoke of the heroism of our soldiers and the blessings that were to flow to all nations through the Constitution of our great republic.

After a stay of one year in the country of his adoption, Lafayette sailed for France, followed by the blessings and prayers of a grateful people.

# CHAPTER XI.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Though heroes may rally when Liberty falters,
And offer their lives at her danger's appeal,
Brave woman's self-sacrifice laid on her altars
Make surer protection than cordons of steel.
Though fathers and sons pour their blood like the waters
Where the wine press of war by oppression is trod,
The prayers of the mothers, the tears of the daughters,
Raise mightier plea to the justice of God.

When war is in the land there is suffering in the homes. There, too, is the voice of sorrow where weep the wives and mothers of those who have gone to the front. On the field of battle men fearlessly face danger and death. There they suffer and sacrifice. There they perform deeds of daring and of heroism. But the greatest sacrifices are not always made by the men in the ranks of war. The greatest deeds of heroism are not always performed amid the roar of cannon. The greatest suffering is not always experienced on the battlefield.

In the war for American independence the

burdens fell heavily upon the women of the colonies, and to them is no less due the victory than to the brave men in the field. The glory of our national greatness rests equally upon the wives and daughters who sacrificed, toiled, and suffered at home, and their husbands and brothers who fought in the ranks.

At sound of the bugle-call fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons hastened to the front. Almost every man and boy who was able to handle a musket flew to the defense of home and liberty. Wives gave up their husbands; mothers sent their brave boys to the front; daughters bade tearful good-byes to their fathers as they hurried to the scene of conflict; and sisters sacrificed their brothers on the altar of their country.

The homes of the colonists were thus stripped of their defenders, left desolate, and exposed to the attacks of the Indians, and the British soldiers who were little less cruel. Often the houses were burned, property destroyed, and stock killed or driven from the farms. If the women objected they were rudely treated, and in a few cases were shot down by the British soldiers.

In such straits the daughters of the Revolution often equaled the men in endurance and bravery. Their heroism and patriotism in assisting the American soldiers and in protecting their

children and their homes have never been excelled by the women of any country. That their husbands and sons might have food and clothing, they toiled in the field and labored at the loom and the wheel. Ofttimes they went from door to door collecting food for the hungry soldiers. Many turned their homes into hospitals for the sick and wounded. The wives often stood guard, and molded bullets while their husbands kept off the British and Indians. Some visited the prisons and carried food, clothing, and sunshine into those dreary, dark places; others visited the fields of battle, giving a drink of water to one, binding up the wounds of another, and speaking kind words to all.

When swift messengers aroused the country after the battle of Lexington, men and boys quit their work, seized their muskets, and hurried to the front. At this time the wife of Captain Draper showed her devotion to the American cause in a peculiar manner. She knew that many men and boys would pass her home on their way to join the army. She knew, too, that they would be hungry and thirsty. So she determined to provide for them food and drink.

Assisted by her daughter and an old colored man, she spent two days and nights in baking bread for the patriots who would likely pass by

her house. She had two large ovens, and these were kept going so long as she had any flour. By the roadside she placed large frames and filled them with pans of bread. The colored man brought a tub and filled it with cider. Here the hungry, thirsty soldiers stopped long enough to get a loaf of bread, a slice of cheese, and a drink of cider, then hurried on to Lexington. When the pans were emptied, she and her daughter brought fresh bread from the ovens; and the colored man often refilled the tub from the barrels in the cellar.

Early on the morning after the battle of Lexington a hundred soldiers, dusty, tired, and hungry, rode up to the door of Colonel Pond. He was not at home, but Mrs. Pond answered their call. They told her how hungry they were and asked her for something to eat. She was not prepared to feed so large a company, but immediately kindled a fire under a large brass kettle and filled it with water with which to make mush. There were ten cows in the barnyard and a store was near at hand. Some of the soldiers milked the cows, some stirred the mush, others went to the store for spoons and dishes, while her daughter and servant hastened to the neighbors and collected all the milk they could get. In a short time the feast was ready. The soldiers ate, mounted their

horses, and with three cheers for the patriotic Mrs. Pond rode away to join the army.

The story of Mrs. Slocum shows how fearless were the American women during the war. On the night before the battle of Moore's Creek Mrs. Slocum became anxious about the fate of her husband. She feared he might be wounded in the battle and desired to be near him that she might care for him. Leaving her child asleep, she mounted a horse and started in the direction the troops had gone. The country through which she had to pass was swampy and there were but few houses. All night long she rode through the darkness. About nine o'clock in the morning she heard the firing which told her that the battle had begun. She hastened to the battlefield, where she found many dead and wounded. She immediately dismounted and began caring for the suffering. When her husband arrived from another part of the field he was surprised to see her there, more than sixty miles from her home, and she was overjoyed to find him unhurt. About midnight she again mounted her horse and returned home. In less than two days she had ridden more than a hundred and twenty miles through a strange, wild country, alone and in the night-time.

One lady called to her husband as he galloped down the road on his way to the army: "Remem-

ber to do your duty! I would rather hear you were left a corpse on the field of battle than that you had played the part of a coward." In one county of North Carolina the young ladies formed a society and pledged themselves not to receive the attentions of any young man who remained at home while his brothers were in the field and his country was in danger. The noble wife of General Greene turned her beautiful home into a hospital. The mothers wove cloth and made clothing for their husbands and sons, and the daughters embroidered banners and presented them to the brave young captains with the charge that they should ever defend them. In Connecticut and New Jersey the women gathered the corn and stored it in the barns.

At one time a British officer rode up to the home of Lydia Darrah and demanded for himself and his companions one of her upper rooms. He told her that the family must all retire at an early hour. She gave them the room and sent the family early to bed. When all was still about the house, she stole softly to the door of the officer's room, and heard him explain his plans to his companions. He intended to hasten at early dawn and attack the American army before Washington was aware of his presence. She then went to her room, where she waited until

the officers had departed, then hastened on foot five miles through the snow, and told Washington what she had heard. When the British arrived, they were surprised to find Washington's army in line ready to receive them.

The winter at Valley Forge was the darkest period of the war. The soldiers were without money, without food, and many of them were barefoot. At night they slept on beds of straw. Had it not been for the efforts of the patriotic women their sufferings would have been even greater. Mrs. Washington was there sharing their hardships and sympathizing with them in their sufferings. By her acts of kindness and noble example she comforted and encouraged the disheartened soldiers. The women of the surrounding country converted their sheets and blankets into clothing and sent it to the suffering troops. Those who lived near cooked provisions and carried them into camp through the deep snow.

At one time the American army was almost without ammunition. Washington requested that each family should bring to the camp a few ounces of pewter from which to make bullets. The women immediately answered his request by melting their spoons and pewter plates. In this way they supplied the army.

The spirit of the Southern women is shown in the conduct of two young ladies at the battle of Rocky Mountain. When they heard the firing they mounted their horses and fearlessly galloped to the battlefield. On their way they met some young men fleeing from the enemy. The young ladies censured them for their cowardice and tried to persuade them to return to the fight, but they refused. Then the young ladies said, "Give us your guns, and we will take your places." The young men returned.

Many American prisoners were kept in the British prison ships, where they starved and suffered in the darkness. Among these unfortunate prisoners was the husband of Mrs. McCalla. She begged Lord Rawdon, the British commander of the ships, to release her husband that he might go home to his family. He coldly said to her, "I would rather hang such rebels than eat my breakfast." He then told her she would be allowed ten minutes and no more in which to visit her husband. When her short stay ended she shook hands with the prisoners she knew and said to them, "Have no fear, the women are doing their part of the service." On her return home she and the neighbors prepared food and clothing and took them to the suffering prisoners.

An interesting story is told of the heroism of

Miss Langston. She learned that the British were preparing to attack a settlement twenty miles away, where lived her brother. She determined to save the settlement, so she stole away from her home in the night-time. On her way she was compelled to cross streams that were not bridged. In crossing one of these she lost her way in the darkness and for some time wandered up and down the stream. She finally reached the settlement in safety, and gave the alarm. Without waiting to rest or change her clothes, she prepared food for the soldiers and then returned home. At another time this brave young woman saved the life of her father by throwing herself between him and the "bloody scout" who had come to kill him because all his boys were in the American army.

At the beginning of the war Mrs. Elliott embroidered two banners and presented them to a South Carolina regiment, with the request that they should always be defended. At the battle of Savannah the brave Sergeant Jasper was mortally wounded while boldly bearing one of these banners at the head of his company. As his comrades bore him from the field he said, "Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life in supporting the colors she presented to our regiment."

The women of Philadelphia raised seven hun-

dred thousand dollars for the support of the army. This amount included a donation from the Marquise de Lafayette. One lady carried provisions to her husband in prison, and in bidding him good-by said, "Waver not in your principles, but be true to your country." At one time the British soldiers took possession of Mrs. Motte's house and held it against the attacks of the Americans. In order to drive out the British, Mrs. Motte directed that her house be burned, and furnished the bow and arrows with which to throw fire upon the roof. In one settlement the soldiers killed all the stock and carried off all the provisions, leaving the women and children with nothing to eat but roasted corn. From this settlement one lady rode more than eighty miles to procure a peck of salt.

From the beautiful Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania all the able-bodied men had gone to the war. In their absence a band of British Tories and Indians entered the valley, burned the houses, destroyed the property, and murdered the helpless women and children. Many mothers fled with their children to places of safety. Among them was Mrs. Gould, who started across the mountains to a settlement seventy miles away. She and her children were mounted on a horse, but seeing some who were too old and weak to make the journey, she dismounted, took her

youngest child in her arms, and leading the others, continued her long, painful journey. They lived on the fruits of the forest, and at night-time slept under the branches of the friendly trees. At length, tired and hungry, she reached the end of her journey in safety.

At one time while a company of British redcoats was encamped near the home of Mrs. Gibbs a party of Americans was sent up the river in boats to drive them off. As soon as the firing began, Mrs. Gibbs and her family sought a place of safety beyond the reach of the guns. It was night, the air was cold, the rain was falling, and they were exposed to the fire from the American guns, but they got safely out of the danger. The poor mother then discovered that she had left her little boy behind. His sister Anna, thirteen years of age, volunteered to return for him. She made her way back through the darkness and the flying shot, found him safe, and returned with him to his anxious, weeping mother.

By such heroism, by such sacrifices, and by such loyal examples, the daughters of the Revolution thus assisted the Sons of Liberty in wresting victory and independence from the mother country.

# CHAPTER XII.

## THE PIONEERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

To the blossoming banks of the "Beautiful River,"
And into the depth of the shadowy woods,
Where the sun-lighted streams of the prairies deliver
The "Father of Waters" their silvery floods,
Undaunted by danger, unconquered, true-hearted,
With axe-beaten march the brave pioneers came;
And the wild-tangled veil of the wilderness parted,
As Progress swept onward with banners of flame.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted in the city of Philadelphia, the settlements of the colonies still nestled near the coast of the Atlantic. But few settlers had ventured more than a hundred miles beyond tide water. While war clouds were gathering over the thirteen colonies, beyond the Alleghanies there was quiet. Vast herds of buffalo grazed on the plains unaffrighted. The "shadowy deer" browsed through the forest undisturbed by white men. The dusky papoose slept peacefully in the sun, while his father joined in the chase, and his mother sang her strange, wild lullaby.

Along the Great Lakes and the rivers of the Mississippi Valley was a chain of forts held by the English, the Spaniards, and the French. The wilderness was the home of many tribes of Indians who thought the Great Spirit had given to them the forest and all it held. These enemies of the colonists had kept them on the Atlantic slope, and except to a very few the Mississippi Valley was a sealed book. A few bold men had crossed the mountains and had brought back wonderful stories of the land beyond. There were unbroken forests fragrant with the breath of flowers and rich with the music of birds. There, too, large herds of buffalo grazed in fertile valleys through which flowed beautiful rivers. To them it was the land of promise.

When the news of this beautiful country was carried to the colonies, a few daring hunters crossed the mountains and penetrated the forest on the other side. At first there were but two or three with rifles and dogs; then came their wives and children. Other men with their families followed. Over the mountains and through the wilderness they came on horseback and in ox-carts. A leather strap, a broken wheel, a pile of stones were silent witnesses of the toiling, of the suffering, and of the death of these brave pioneers. A few rude cabins were built in the dark forest; the trees were

felled; the soil was tilled; the cabins increased in number; villages sprang up and grew into cities; the buffalo were driven Westward; the deer were hunted from their forest homes; and the wild red men retreated before the swift strides of civilization. But the pioneers—where are they? Like the Indian they, too, have disappeared. Their cabins have been leveled to the ground, and their graves are unmarked.

These were brave men and devoted women, and "builded better than they knew." They little thought they were laying in the wilderness so great a foundation. They little dreamed they were opening so wide the gates to the undiscovered mines of Western wealth. They knew not of the vast beds of coal and fields of gas, and the hidden mines of iron, silver, and gold. They were ignorant of the greatness of the blessings they so dearly bought for their grandchildren. In the wake of the slow plodding ox-cart soon came the locomotive flying over the plains like the antelope and climbing the mountains like the mountain sheep. The trees on which they nailed the first laws enacted in the wilderness have fallen, great cities have sprung up, and in the Mississippi Valley many prosperous States have been organized under the protection of our national Constitution.

Among those who gave up the comforts of an Eastern home for the freedom of the wilderness none was greater than Daniel Boone. He was great because of his simple and courageous devotion to duty, not because of his thrilling experience with the Indians or his sufferings in the wilds of the West, for in these things he was surpassed by many. It was he who led into the "Dark and Bloody Ground" that daring band of pioneers who were to make "the wilderness blossom as the rose."

This son of the forest was born February 11, 1734. In a cabin made of logs he received all his limited education. While he was yet young his father moved to Reading, Pennsylvania. Here young Daniel came in contact with Indian life. He fell in love with the forest, became an expert with his rifle, and joined fearlessly in the chase.

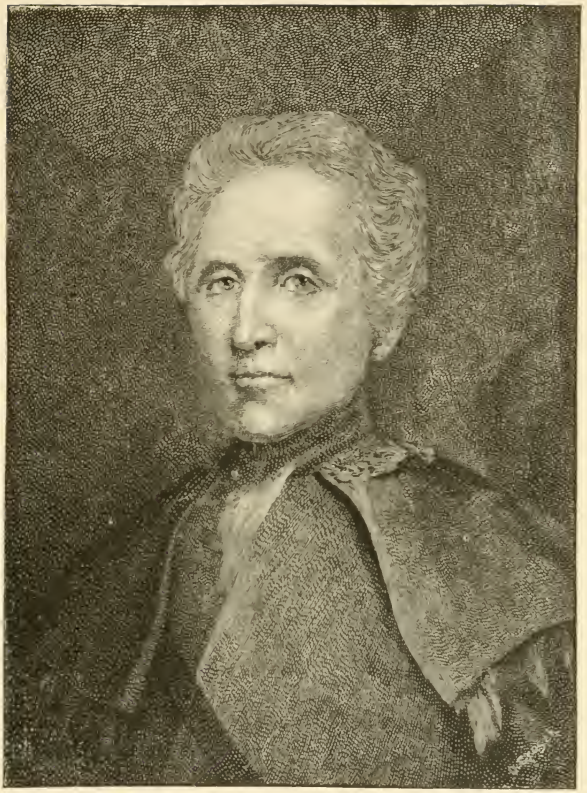
Afterward he left these scenes of his boyhood days and went to North Carolina, where he married while yet a very young man. With his young wife he moved into the wilderness near the mountains and there built a rude log hut. In this forest home he was contented and happy until other settlers built cabins near him. He then grew restless and longed to cross the mountains that lifted their heads high above him, and traverse the wilderness on the other side. The storm

clouds of the great Revolution were gathering, and Boone sighed for the peace and freedom to be found in the wilderness.

In the spring of 1769, with five bold companions, he climbed the mountains from whose tops he looked over into the promised land of Kentucky. Here he beheld magnificent forests stretching away to beautiful valleys through which were flowing majestic rivers. It was a beautiful country—more beautiful than any he had before looked upon. As he gazed, his simple nature was filled with awe. He descended from the mountains and traversed the forests fragrant with blooming flowers, enchanted by the songs of many birds, and inhabited by wild beasts and wilder Indians.

In the forest Boone built his camp. One day while he and one of his companions were out hunting they were captured by a band of Indians. They expected to be put to death; but they were kept as prisoners for a week or more, when one night Boone freed himself, awoke his companion, and they escaped into the forest. They hastened to their camp, which they found destroyed, and their companions gone. In the forest, surrounded by savages, these two men were left alone.

Shortly after their escape they were joined by Boone's brother and a companion. The long sum-



*Daniel Boone.*

mer days they spent in hunting, fishing, and exploring the forest. One of their party was killed by the Indians and another returned home, leaving Boone and his brother alone.

It became necessary for his brother to return home for such provisions as the forest did not afford, and Boone was left in the solitude of the wilderness. Here he remained, hunting by day and sleeping in the canebrake at night. At the end of three months he was made glad by the return of his brother with two horses laden with provisions and ammunition. Eight months they spent in exploring the country; then, after an absence of almost two years, returned to their friends, who had given them up as lost. Before departing for home they selected a beautiful part of the country and resolved to return with their families and there found a settlement.

In 1773 Boone, with a number of families, started upon his return to the land of promise. They were approaching the mountains, when the young men who were guarding the cattle in the rear were suddenly attacked by a band of Indians and six of their number killed. Among the slain was Boone's oldest son. Silently and sadly they laid their dead away on the mountain side, then turned back to their homes.

At the close of the French and Indian War

large tracts of land beyond the mountains were granted to the soldiers of that war. This land was not yet surveyed. The next year, after Boone and his family had returned to their home, the Governor of Virginia chose him to lead a party of surveyors into this strange country across the Ohio. He fearlessly entered upon his task, accomplished it, and again returned to his family.

The longing for the excitement of the chase and the solitude of the forest soon returned to him. He again visited the wilds of Kentucky, and built a fort where now stands the town of Boonesborough, which became the center of Western civilization. When all things were in readiness, he visited his home and returned with his wife and daughter, who were the first white women to stand upon the banks of the Kentucky River. One beautiful evening near the close of September, just as the setting sun was casting a golden hue over the changing forest, Boone and his family appeared before the fort. At sight of these brave women the pioneers made the forest echo with their shouts.

Soon after Boone's return a friend of his from beyond the mountains arrived at the fort with his family. Their daughters soon became very much attached to each other, and often wandered into the forest near the fort. Growing bolder, they

one day secured a boat and crossed the river. While they were seated in the boat under the overhanging branches of a tree, a dusky savage stealthily stole from the forest into the water and, before the girls knew of their danger, seized the cord and pulled the boat to the land. Other Indians rushed forward and carried the girls into the forest.

There was great sorrow in the fort when they learned of the fate of the girls. The men were absent from the fort. When they returned a company started in pursuit. Boone was chosen leader. As their only boat had been taken, they had great difficulty in crossing the river. The crossing was made, they found the trail, and eagerly started in pursuit. After following the trail many miles into the forest they came upon the Indians camped for the night. The girls were safe, but surrounded by painted warriors. An attack was made upon the Indians, they were defeated, and the girls were rescued and returned to their sorrowing mothers.

Afterward, while hunting in the forest alone, Boone was captured by the Indians and carried through the forest far to the north. For many weeks they held him as a captive. At length he escaped and made his way back to the fort, where he hoped to be welcomed by his wife and chil-

dren, but they were gone. They thought him dead, and had returned to their friends in the East. The brave man's heart was full, and he wept.

In 1780 the severity of the winter brought suffering to the homes of the settlers. In early winter a deep snow fell and lay upon the ground for three months. The wild animals fled to the most dense forests for shelter. Provisions grew scarce, and the voice of sorrow was heard in the wilderness. At length the sun returned, the warm south wind blew upon the snow, and winter retreated northward.

Other settlements were formed and the sound of civilization was heard on every hand. Boone had received no title to the land on which he had settled. He soon learned that others had been given a title to his home, and that he had been left homeless by the Government to which he had given the Mississippi Valley.

With his faithful wife the old hunter crossed the Mississippi and pushed into the wilderness beyond, driving his stock before him. His fame had preceded him, and when he arrived he was welcomed and given a large tract of land.

He now felt that he could spend his old age in peace. He devoted his time to hunting and trapping. When he had made enough money

with which to pay all the debts he had left behind him in Kentucky he returned, paid them off, and then, with but a few pennies in his pocket, he sought the quiet of his home beyond the Mississippi.

At the age of seventy-six he was again left homeless. Soon after this the light of his life went out in the death of his wife. Congress voted him a small tract of land, and he again sought comfort in the chase. His iron frame was now bent and his step was feeble. Feeling that the end of his life was near, he selected a spot, overlooking the river, on which he desired to be buried.

On September 26, 1820, he passed away and was buried on the spot he had selected. In 1845 his body was removed to Frankfort, Kentucky, and now rests in the soil that he redeemed from the wilderness.

This is the story of but one of the many brave men who, fearless of danger, pushed forward into the wilderness, subdued it, and gave the great West to civilization.

# CHAPTER XIII.

## TWO FAMOUS RIDES.

When Freedom's shattered columns reel
And shrink to meet the foeman's steel,
From out the storied past shall come
A sound of hoof-beats, like a drum,
And every patriot soul shall rise
New-girded for its high emprise,
And feel that victory rideth near
With Sheridan and Paul Revere.

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

General Gage, with his army of British soldiers, lay at Boston, where he had been sent to frighten the Americans into submission. He was closely watched by a band of young men called the "Sons of Liberty." So watchful were they that all his movements were known to them.

Among these young patriots was Paul Revere, who had fought with the British against the French and Indians, and knew all the country round about. When England sent a ship-load of tea to Boston, he was one of the "Tea Party" that threw it into the harbor. He loved his

country, and was ever ready to defend it against an enemy.

Then there were no railroads, no telegraph, nor telephone. Neither were there any steamboats on the waters. The only means of travel was in the slow-rolling stage coach. When any important message was to be carried from one colony to another, some one brave and strong was chosen to carry it. Paul Revere was a bold, fearless horseman, and well fitted to make these long and dangerous rides.

When the mother country declared that nothing more should be shipped to Boston, and closed her port, Revere was sent far to the South to tell the story of our wrongs. When General Gage declared Samuel Adams and John Hancock to be traitors and offered a reward for their arrest, he hastened to warn them. When evil tidings were brought from the mother country, Revere was chosen to carry the news to the colonies far away. Mounted upon his noble horse, with a brave heart and a strong arm, he would fearlessly plunge into the wilderness on his country's mission. When the great struggle for American liberty came, Revere was well prepared for mighty deeds.

On the 18th of April, 1775, General Gage determined to sail secretly from Boston and in the early morning to capture or destroy the American

stores at Concord. Their flour was there; there, too, were their powder and cannon. The loss of these would have been a sad blow to the American cause. However, the secret was out. The ever-watchful liberty boys had learned of his plan, and determined to defeat him.

When night had fallen over the city a hurried council was held, and Paul Revere was selected to make the ride to Lexington and Concord, arouse the minute-men on his journey, and warn the people of the approach of the British army. He hastened on foot to the river Charles. Here in the light of the newly risen moon he could plainly see the British war vessel, the Somerset, lying at her moorings. With muffled oars two friends silently rowed him across to Charlestown. Here he arranged with the old sexton of North Church to notify the people of Charlestown and the surrounding country whether the British went out by land or by sea. If by land, one light was to be hung in the steeple; if by sea, two. Soon there were seen dimly but surely shining from the old church tower two small, steady lights. They were but two tallow candles, yet their rays are still burning and shining in the hearts of the American people.

The directions were given the old sexton, and from the stable was brought a strong, swift horse

which was groomed and saddled with unusual care. When all was in readiness, Paul Revere leaped into the saddle and sped away upon his dangerous but important errand. The people along the way were aroused from their beds by the clatter of hoofs and the warning cry, "The regulars are out!" A moment he stopped at some well-known door and aroused the patriots within, then with quickening speed hastened on, making the forest ring with his warning cry. The sleeping birds, frightened from their nests, looked dreamily about, but the rider and his steed had vanished in the shadow of the woods. The sly fox, thinking some hunter was upon his track, crept softly from his bed and quietly stole farther away into the forest. The wise old owl from his limb on the oak earnestly shouted, "Whoo! whoo!" but Revere paused not to answer.

Revere reached Lexington, twelve miles distant from Boston, and soon there was a hurrying of feet, a sound of muffled voices, and then a call to arms. Concord was six miles farther away. He hastened thither, warning the people as he urged forward his foaming steed. He was met by some British soldiers, was captured, but escaped, and again rode with all speed for Concord, which he reached at two o'clock in the morning. "The regulars are out!" was passed from lip to lip and

from house to house. Soon lights were seen shining from every window and messengers were hurried off in every direction.

At early dawn farmers with carts and wagons, some drawn by horses and some by oxen, were seen driving slowly into Concord. They were coming to carry away the stores and cannon to a place of safety. The powder and flour were hidden away in haymows, and in the fields graves were dug for the cannon. Here they were hurriedly buried; then the farmers continued their plowing which they had left the evening before.

The morning of April 19th opened bright and beautiful. An early spring had clothed the fields with green and the forest trees were fresh with swelling buds. The cows were lowing in the pastures and the lambs were playing on the hillsides. The air was freighted with the fragrance of blooming orchards and flowering meadows. The morning sun had awakened a thousand merry songsters who poured forth their music from bush and tree. This scene was soon to be disturbed by the shrill whistle of the fife, the beating of drums, and the heavy tread of eight hundred advancing British soldiers.

They were on their way to Concord. When they reached Lexington they found a company of minute-men gathering to protect and defend their

property and their homes. They were ordered to disperse and lay down their arms, but they refused and stood their ground. The order was then given to fire. The sound of muskets rang out on the clear morning air, and when the smoke had rolled back, seven patriots were found dead upon the rich green carpet that Nature had spread under their feet.

The British pushed on to Concord, where they hoped to find the American stores. In this they were disappointed, for almost everything had been taken to a place of safety. They destroyed what they could find, then hastened to return to Boston. Their return was much more difficult and dangerous than their advance. Men stooped with age took down their trusty muskets in defense of their country. Every boy old enough to carry a gun hastened to attack the British. There was no commander, no orders were given, but from behind trees, stones, and fences was poured forth volley after volley upon the retreating soldiers. So fierce was the attack that three hundred British were killed, and the remainder were saved only by the arrival of fresh troops from Boston.

The roar of cannon in the "sunny South" in the spring of 1861 announced the presence of a war more dreadful than our country had ever

before known. It lasted four long years, and when peace had again come to our fair land there was heard the sound of weeping in almost every home. Many thousands of our brave young men had fallen on the field of battle, and many more had returned to their homes maimed and scarred for life.

One of the many heroes of this war was General Phil. Sheridan. He had spent six years among the Indians. He was a bold and fearless leader who had been in many battles. He had stood with his men when all others had been driven from the field. Where the balls were flying thickest there he had ridden at the head of his column. He knew no such thing as fear.

In Virginia there is a delightful valley. Through this valley winds the beautiful Shenandoah River. It pours its waters into the Potomac, which flows into the stormy Atlantic. On the east of this valley stand the stately Blue Ridge Mountains like giant sentinels keeping watch over the sleeping valley. Stretching far away to the west are the Alleghanies, forming a stone wall of defense. The valley meets the plains of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. To this valley the Southern General Lee sent General Early, who drove everything before him, hurried up the valley, and threatened to capture Washington

City. There was great alarm all over the country. General Grant sent the gallant Sheridan into the valley to save Washington and check the daring Southern general. In several battles Sheridan defeated him, and at Winchester sent his men "flying up the valley." Early was so severely defeated that Sheridan thought he would not care to engage in another battle soon, so he made a hurried visit to Washington.

Early was not going to give up the valley without another struggle. He returned and in the darkness of the night led his men along the steep cliffs very near where the Union army lay asleep in the valley. Having gained the rear, he silently awaited the coming on of day. In the early dawn of October 19, 1864, like a tiger from its lair he sprang from his hiding place upon the Union army. The soldiers were completely surprised. Many hurried from their beds and as hurriedly formed their lines and tried to keep back the enemy. Many slept on. They were killed in their beds. There was fighting everywhere. The Union soldiers fought with all bravery, but they could not rally from their first surprise, and were driven from the field in great confusion.

General Sheridan was on his return to the army, when

"Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away."

"The rumble and roar" told the gallant general that he was needed on the field of battle. He was mounted on a large black horse of Kentucky blood. The horse had been in many a race before, and was anxious to obey the wish of his rider. Sheridan drew the rein, touched him gently with his spurs, and away he flew on his important mission. Like an arrow he sped away down the winding road to Cedar Creek. Past field and farmhouse, by hill and stream, the noble black seemed to fly, and paused not until twelve miles away Sheridan met some retreating stragglers from his army. With cap in hand he shouted: "Face the other way, boys; we are going back to our camps!" Immediately they faced the other way, determined to follow their fearless leader to victory or to death. On he flew to Cedar Creek, where he found his men confused and scattered. When the defeated and disheartened soldiers saw their gallant commander flying down the road, waving his cap high above his head, one mighty shout went up from the ranks. The

*Sheridan's ride.*

men had neither eaten nor drunk since the day before. They were tired, hungry, and thirsty, but they were inspired by the presence of their leader. Every sword was grasped with a firmer hand; every heart beat with a bolder stroke; victory was seen in every face. They turned about and fell upon the enemy, and after hard fighting drove him from the field. Night alone saved the fleeing army.

Paul Revere in his midnight ride of eighteen miles saved the stores at Concord, roused the mighty minute-men, and gave the British soldiers a chance to learn what our untrained patriots could do. Sheridan rode twenty miles, saved the day at Cedar Creek, and drove back the enemy from the nation's capital. The deed of one is recorded by Longfellow in his Midnight Ride of Paul Revere. Thomas B. Read sings the praise of the other in Sheridan's Ride. The memory of both is revered by sixty millions of people.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SOME NAVAL HEROES.

Oh, hearts undaunted, to you belong
The crown of fame and the wealth of song,
For the first fair dawn of a nation broke
Through the thunder-cloud of your battle smoke.

While Washington and his little band of soldiers were fighting and suffering on land, Paul Jones was winning renown upon the sea. He was not an American. He was born in Scotland and lived near the sea. He loved the blue waters of the ocean and became a sailor lad when he was but twelve years old. When he was thirteen he made a voyage to America. While here he formed a strong friendship for the colonies and their people. Three years before the Declaration of Independence he adopted America as his country and home. A few years afterward his adopted country commissioned him as an officer in her little navy.

He was permitted to sail at will upon the Atlantic and her seas and gulfs. He was brave

and daring, and captured English vessels wherever he could find them. With his little fleet he hovered around the British Isles, watching for an opportunity to strike a blow for his adopted country. The English looked upon him as an evil spirit, and the mention of his name filled the children with fear. At one time he defeated the Drake, then boldly bore down upon the coast of his native country. Here he took a great number of prisoners, and seized all the cattle, sheep, and provisions he could find. He also captured a pilot and compelled him to take his place at the wheel and pilot the vessel among the islands and through the dangerous channels around England. Signal fires were kept burning along the coast of England and Scotland to warn approaching vessels that the dreaded Paul Jones was near. Seven British sea captains were in search of him, but failed to capture him.

He longed to do still greater things. He wanted a vessel with which he might be able to meet and conquer the best of the British navy. He went to France and asked for such a ship. After impatiently waiting for a long time, he was given command of a small squadron of five vessels. He was again given permission to sail where he chose, but was to return to France within a certain time. To the ship on which he sailed he

gave the name Bon Homme Richard, in honor of Benjamin Franklin. With a determination to humble the pride of the British navy, he immediately put out to sea. He found no war ships with which to engage, but he captured many prizes. He grew impatient. The time for his return was nearly up and he had met no enemy. One more day, and he must join his other vessels and end his cruise. September 22, 1779, closed with a beautiful sunset, and the full moon lit up the waters and showed the white sails of the fishing-smacks along the coast. The North Sea was alive with dancing waves that sported around the Bon Homme Richard. The gentle September wind made soft, sweet music among the rigging, but it gladdened not the heart of Paul Jones. His cruise had promised so much, but now it must end in a failure. The hope that had so long kept him up now gave way to disappointment and to despair. With folded arms and bent form he walked the deck. Now and then he would step to the railing, look down upon the deep blue waters, then again continue his walk. Thus he spent the early hours of the night, little dreaming that the day would bring to him victory and glory.

The morning of September 23, 1779, dawned in beauty and in splendor. A mist fringed the English coast and a gentle wind came in from

the south. The waves leaped up against the sides of the vessels, then rushed off across the sea like children at play. The North Sea seemed like a great sheet of silver as the rays of the September sun fell upon the dancing, rollicking waves. Paul Jones stood upon the deck of the Bon Homme Richard and eagerly scanned the horizon, hoping to catch a glimpse of some British sail. The morning passed all too quickly for the Scotchman. About noon, as they were chasing a small vessel, a merchant ship rounded Flamborough Head. Soon another appeared. Paul Jones knew this was the Baltic fleet for which he had been watching. One sail followed another, until forty stretched away in a long, stately line across the water. They looked like beautiful swans as they glided over the smooth sea with their new white sails spread to the breeze. It was a beautiful sight—one that thrilled the whole being of the gallant Paul Jones.

Soon two fierce-looking British war ships glided round the head and sailed out between the fleet and the American vessels. The Serapis was the flagship of the British fleet, and was commanded by Captain Pearson. He was a brave man and was quite anxious for a fight.

On England's shore stood thousands of people. They had seen Paul Jones hovering around

the island and knew he meant mischief. They also knew their fleet would soon appear, and they feared for its safety.

When Captain Jones signaled to give chase and gave the order to prepare for action, a mighty cheer went up from the Bon Homme Richard and rolled off across the waters to England's waiting thousands. The sailor lads mounted into the rigging and set the sails. The gunners took their positions at the guns. Every man was at his post, resolved to conquer or to die.

All the afternoon was spent in preparation for the great battle that was to follow. Just as the harvest moon began to cast dim shadows upon the water, the Serapis and Bon Homme Richard rushed at each other like two powerful gladiators. There was a silence as if death were walking upon the waters—a silence broken only by the commands of the officers and the swish of the water as it was divided by the keels of the vessels. The British flag was nailed to the masthead of the Serapis, and the American colors were flying over the Bon Homme Richard.

The Serapis hailed the Richard, and was given a broadside for an answer. Immediately the powerful guns of the Serapis responded to the broadside. The chalky cliffs of England's shore rolled back the sound, announcing that the people

knew the battle was on. At the first discharge of the Richard's six eighteen-pounders two of them burst with deadly effect. A second round, and all were disabled. It was reported to Captain Jones that the guns were disabled, and that the ship was leaking badly. He sent back the command, "Keep her afloat as long as possible, and as long as she floats she shall be fought." This command was greeted with a shout that was heard even above the din of the battle.

At one time the vessels got a position where neither could fire upon the other. There was deep silence, and all on shore thought the battle had ended. The silence was broken by Captain Pearson, who shouted, "Have you surrendered?" The rigging of the Richard was on fire, she had but three small guns, and the water was five feet deep in the hold, yet Captain Jones responded, "We haven't begun to fight yet!" The vessels again approached each other. This time they came so close that the muzzles of the cannon grated harshly together. The rigging became entangled, and with his own hands Captain Jones lashed the vessels together. The south wind had died away and there was a calm upon the water. Fastened together, the two vessels drifted with the tide, fighting as they drifted. The British tried to board the Richard, when Captain Jones seized a

pike, rushed to the gangway, and single-handed beat them back.

Three long hours the battle raged. The hull of the Richard was almost shot away. The decks of both vessels were covered with the wounded and dead. The mainmast of the Serapis toppled and fell. It had been a dreadful battle of brave men. Just as the moon shone through a rift in the clouds, the brave Captain Pearson was seen to pull down the British flag which had been nailed to the masthead of the Serapis. The firing ceased, the Serapis surrendered, and the brave Paul Jones had achieved a wonderful victory.

On the following day the wounded were cared for, and the dead were buried in the waters of the deep. Captain Jones was anxious to take the Bon Homme Richard into port, but on the second day she was found to be sinking. Her crew were transferred to the Serapis. At length she gave a lurch forward and the waters opened to receive her. As she went down, her gallant captain sadly said, "Good-by, brave ship."

The conqueror of the Serapis went to France, where he was royally received. The king was so pleased with his conduct that he presented him with a sword made of gold. After an absence of three years he returned to America and was everywhere joyfully received. Congress commended

*Battle of the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis.*

him for his bravery, voted him a gold medal, and made him captain of the new ship America.

At the close of 1783 England and the colonies signed a treaty of peace, the British soldiers sailed from Boston, and the great Revolution was at an end. In the treaty England acknowledged the colonies to be free and independent, but circumstances soon proved that they were not independent, and that the thirty years following the treaty was only a lull in the hostilities between the two countries. Benjamin Franklin wisely said, "The war for independence is yet to be fought."

The English people looked upon the United States as an inferior nation and her people as an inferior people. They spoke of the American flag as a strip of striped bunting. When they acknowledged the independence of the colonies, they hoped the colonists would not be able to form a government for themselves, and would return to the mother country as a wayward child returns to his parents. When the colonists proved themselves capable of self-government by adopting the greatest written Constitution known to the world, and under it began to prosper, England became jealous and put every hindrance in the way of our progress. She was strong, and felt no fear in violating the treaty of peace.

England and France were again at war, and England passed a law that no country should send goods of any kind to France or any of her colonies. As the United States carried most of her products to France, this law would almost destroy her commerce. If any vessel was found carrying goods bound for France it was captured as a prize and turned over to the British Government. Americans contended that they had a right to trade with any country they chose, and that no other country had any right to say they should not enjoy this privilege.

"Once an Englishman always an Englishman" was the belief in England in regard to her citizens. The United States Constitution provided that a citizen of any country might become a citizen of the United States after a certain length of time by complying with certain requirements. These two views, so very different, were a source of a great deal of trouble between these two countries. England claimed the right to search American vessels and take from them any one whom the captain thought to be a subject of England. British war ships were thus permitted to stop American vessels anywhere on the ocean and take from them any one suspected of being a deserter from the British navy. It sometimes happened that men were taken, with their certificates of American

citizenship in their hands, and forced into the British service. In some cases so many of the crew were taken as to leave the vessels without enough men to man their sails. At one time the captain of the Chesapeake refused to allow the captain of the Leopard to search his ship, when the Leopard compelled him to submit by turning her guns on the Chesapeake and killing and wounding a number of her crew.

The United States remonstrated against such treatment, but to no purpose. English ships of war continued to capture American vessels, impress American seamen, and insult the American flag. At length the war trumpet was sounded, and America flew to arms, with the battle cry, "Free trade and sailors' rights!" As it was a war for sailors' rights, it was to be fought chiefly on the ocean.

At this time England was mistress of the sea. She had conquered the Dutch, she had driven the Russians from the ocean, she had shut up the Italians in the Mediterranean, and under the great Nelson had destroyed the combined fleet of France and Spain. Her sails were on every sea. It was boasted in England that the British flag had not been struck to an equal foe in a hundred years. Opposed to this powerful navy was the American navy, not yet a quarter of a century

old and of less than twenty vessels. Upon such a navy England looked with contempt, and decided to sweep it from the ocean. How well she succeeded will be seen further on.

The history of Perry, Lawrence, and Hull, with their daring sailor boys, is the history of our many bold sea captains in their fight for "free trade and sailors' rights."

About the middle of July, 1812, while a British squadron was cruising off the coast of New England the captain of the squadron saw a single vessel far to the northeast. This was the Constitution, an American vessel commanded by Captain Hull and carrying four hundred and fifty men. Late in the afternoon Hull saw the fleet approaching him. The night was spent in suspense. In the light of the early dawn the British vessels were seen under full sail speeding toward the Constitution. It was not possible for Captain Hull with his lone vessel to fight the powerful foe that was bearing down upon him. His only hope of safety lay in flight.

The Constitution was put under full sail and the retreat was begun, with the squadron in close pursuit. The American vessel was cleared for action. The long guns were brought up and hauled to the stern of the ship. Holes were made in the sides of the cabin and the dangerous muz-

*Chase of the Constitution.*

zles of the twenty-four-pound guns were run out. The Shannon fired several shots, but she was too far away, and the heavy balls dropped with a plash into the ocean far astern of the Constitution. Suddenly there was a calm. There was not a breeze astir. The Constitution remained motionless on the quiet sea. The situation grew more exciting and more dangerous each moment. The small boats were lowered and into them leaped the sturdy sailors. Some grasped the oars and others seized the cables of the ship, and she was pulled through the waters by the strength of the men.

The chase continued all day, and at sunset the Constitution was four miles ahead of the fleet. As the sun went down angry clouds overspread the sky and a fierce squall struck the Constitution, but she passed safely through it. All night long the gunners slept at their guns and the sailors by turns slept on the deck or watched at their posts. As morning dawned on the third day, only the tops of the British sails were seen above the horizon. Before noon the chase was given up, and the Constitution sped away to Boston Harbor.

Captain Hull kept his vessel in port almost a month, when he again put to sea. He soon fell in with the Guerrière, a British frigate carrying thirty-eight guns and commanded by Captain Dacres. This was one of the vessels that assisted

in chasing the Constitution a month before. Captain Hull was glad to meet with his old acquaintance again. Both vessels prepared for action.

The Constitution hoisted the American flag and bore gallantly down upon her enemy, who ran up the British colors. The Guerrière opened on the Constitution with a broadside as she approached, but Captain Hull reserved his fire until his vessel was alongside the Guerrière. Then he shouted, "Now, boys, pour it into them!" The reply was a terrific broadside which shattered the masts and spars of the British frigate. Broadside was answered by broadside at half pistol shot. The masts of the vessels became entangled, and they lay alongside each other, while the great guns and muskets kept up a deadly fire. Each crew tried to board the vessel of the other, but was beaten back by a rough sea and by brave defenders. The Constitution finally broke away from her antagonist, and she rolled back into the trough of the sea a helpless wreck. The Constitution lay by her until morning, when she was found to be sinking. Her crew was immediately transferred to the Constitution and the Guerrière was fired and blown up. This victory brought joy to the Americans and surprise and sorrow to the English.

Near the close of May, 1813, the British war

ship Shannon appeared off Boston Harbor, and her commander, Captain Broke, sent to Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, a challenge to meet him in battle. Lawrence immediately accepted the challenge, though he had been in command of the Chesapeake but a few days, and his men were strange to him and to one another. The Chesapeake carried thirty-eight guns and an untrained crew. The Shannon carried fifty-two guns and a crew which Captain Broke had been training for more than seven years. She was considered the most powerful British vessel then in American waters.

The Chesapeake put boldly out to meet her enemy. At her masthead was flying a banner bearing the words "Free trade and sailors' rights." Just before six o'clock in the evening she came in range of the Shannon's guns and the battle began. It lasted but fifteen minutes. On board the Chesapeake the pilot was killed at the wheel, the gunners were shot at their guns, and the sailors were swept from the deck. The brave Lawrence was mortally wounded while urging on his men to deeds of valor, and was carried below. As he was taken from the deck he said to his men, "Don't give up the ship!" The vessels were lashed together, and Captain Broke boldly led his men aboard the Chesapeake. Lieutenant

Ludlow, who was second in command, though twice wounded, rushed on deck at the head of a dozen brave lads and tried to drive back the British. The brave Ludlow was killed, his little band was driven from the deck, the American flag was hauled down, and the Chesapeake became a prisoner of war. She was taken to Halifax, and there side by side, with the honors of war, were buried brave Captain Lawrence and his gallant Lieutenant Ludlow.

In 1813 the British had control of the lakes along our northern boundary, and were preparing to lead an army across from Canada into the United States. In the spring Oliver Hazard Perry was appointed to command the fleet of four small vessels on Lake Erie. When Perry took command in the early spring, the timber from which his other five ships were to be made was still growing in the forest on the shore of the lake. On the 10th of July his vessels were completed, but he had no sailors with which to man them. While impatiently waiting for men he wrote to Commodore Chauncey, "Give me men, sir, and I will acquire both for you and myself honor and glory on this lake, or perish in the attempt."

On the 10th of September Perry weighed anchor and went out to engage in the deadly

struggle of war with Captain Barclay, commander of the British fleet. Perry was a young man and had never seen a naval battle. Barclay was an experienced sea captain who had lost an arm in the service under the great Nelson. The sky was clear, the lake was smooth, and a light breeze gently wafted the two squadrons together. Perry had named his flagship the Lawrence, in honor of the brave captain who was killed in his fight with the Shannon. As the fleets neared each other, Perry hoisted over the Lawrence a large blue banner on which were printed in white letters "Don't give up the ship!" This was the signal for action, and was greeted with loud cheers from the Americans. The shouts of the men were immediately drowned in the roaring of the cannon. Barclay turned his heaviest guns on the Lawrence, and she was soon torn and shattered. Only fourteen of her crew of one hundred and three men remained fit for duty. With his own hand young Perry fired the last gun, leaped into an open boat, and carried his banner to the Niagara, a half mile distant, where he was received with rousing cheers from the men.

The Niagara was strong and her men were fresh. Perry immediately bore down upon his crippled enemy, and, passing through his line of vessels, he fired into them left and right with

the heavy guns of the Niagara. In a few minutes the British flag on the Detroit was lowered and the battle was ended. Perry immediately wrote to General Harrison, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

During the two years and a half of war, on whatever sea the British and American vessels met there was sure to be a battle. Our sailor boys were not at all times the victors; but, whether in victory or in defeat, they always showed the same bravery and devotion to duty. The little navy was not swept from the sea, but became more powerful as the war continued. It compelled the boasted "mistress of the seas" to respect the American flag and the rights of American sailors, and fully established American independence.

Until the Merrimac and the Monitor met in Hampton Roads the world had never seen a battle between two iron ships. Among the navies of all nations there were none defended by iron-clads. When nations beheld the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress by the Merrimac, they realized how helpless would be their navies against such a vessel.

This was not a struggle between America and a foreign foe. Our country was divided, and Americans were fighting against Americans;

friends were arrayed against friends and brothers were opposing brothers. The South was arrayed in deadly combat against the North.

A large fleet lay in the harbor at Norfolk, Virginia. Here it was burned, that it might not fall into the hands of the Confederates. Among the vessels destroyed was the Merrimac, which burned to the hull and sank. She was afterward raised from the water, rebuilt, and covered with two plates of iron each two inches in thickness. Her bow was armed with a cast-iron prow four feet in length. The salt water had so affected her machinery that she moved rather slowly, but she was bullet-proof and mounted ten heavy guns. She was commanded by Franklin Buchanan, who had held an important position in the United States navy. He surrounded himself with brave and capable officers. His sailors had seen long service in the navy of the Union. From the army of Richmond were chosen the best gunners to man the guns.

While the Merrimac was being rebuilt at Norfolk, the shipbuilders at the New York navy yard were hastening to complete the Monitor. It was invented by John Ericsson, and was wholly unlike any other vessel afloat. When it was learned at the North that the Merrimac was almost completed, Commodore Porter was sent to

examine the little Monitor. He carefully inspected every part, then telegraphed to the War Department, "This is the strongest fighting vessel in the world, and can whip anything afloat." Through their spies at the North the Confederates learned that the Monitor was fast nearing completion. They doubled their working force that the Merrimac might be afloat before the Monitor was finished.

John L. Worden was placed in command of the doughty little Monitor and was sent to Hampton Roads to meet his strong antagonist. His voyage was a dangerous one. The sailors were strangers to each other and to the Monitor. The sea was rough, and often the mighty waves threatened the destruction of the untried vessel.

On the 8th day of March, 1862, the Merrimac was completed and steamed down the Elizabeth River on her errand of destruction. The banks of the river were lined with people, who cheered and shouted as the iron monster floated by. As they gazed upon her huge iron sides and powerful guns they were happy in the thought that she would soon sweep the United States navy from the sea. They thought not of the little Monitor, bravely battling against an angry ocean, on her way to meet her big enemy.

As the Merrimac proudly and boldly steamed

out of the river, there lay in Hampton Roads three large wooden vessels—the Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence—carrying one hundred and thirty guns. Seven miles above lay the Congress and the Cumberland, with eighty guns. Their officers had no thought of danger until the Merrimac was seen rounding a bend in the coast about one o'clock in the afternoon.

The Minnesota hastened out to meet the enemy, but ran aground. The Merrimac passed by her and made straight for the Congress and the Cumberland, which opened fire on her while she was more than half a mile away. She passed by the Congress and rushed at the Cumberland, heedless of the shower of heavy shot that battered away at her sides. Her strong iron prow pierced the hull of the Cumberland, and she went down, with her colors flying and her gunners fighting as long as their guns were above water. Such bravery even won the admiration of the enemy. The Merrimac slowly backed away from the sinking Cumberland, and three times swept the deck of the Congress with her heavy guns. The ill-fated vessel tried to get nearer the shore, but grounded. There she lay helpless on the shoals while the gunners from the Merrimac fired hot shot into her until she was in flames.

The Merrimac anchored off Sewell's Point and

waited for the coming day, when she would complete the deadly work she had so well begun. The news of the battle was flashed throughout the country. At the North there was great sorrow; in the South there was great rejoicing.

At nine o'clock the little Monitor arrived. She looked so small that few believed she would be able to cope with the powerful Merrimac. At two o'clock in the morning she was ordered to take her position near the Minnesota, which still lay aground. The day dawned clear and bright. The sea was calm and beautiful, the smoke was still ascending from the ruins of the Congress, and the flags of the Cumberland were still flying over the grave of her brave crew.

Early in the morning the Merrimac weighed anchor and made for the Minnesota. When Captain Buchanan saw the strange, queer vessel lying near, he knew it to be the Monitor, of which he had learned through the Southern spies. The Merrimac passed on, but soon returned. When within a mile she unlimbered her guns and opened fire. The roll of the drum on the Monitor called her men to arms, and the little giant went out to meet the iron-clad monster. It was a strange sight to the many people who anxiously watched on the shore.

As the little Monitor darted out from the

Minnesota the Merrimac stopped her engines, viewed the odd vessel, then a second time opened fire. The shot whizzed harmlessly over the Monitor and splashed into the water beyond. The powerful eleven-inch guns of the Monitor returned the fire, their heavy shot striking the iron sides of the Merrimac with terrible force. A broadside from the Merrimac followed, but with no effect. Nearer and nearer they approached each other, firing as they came. The Monitor got alongside and kept so near her antagonist that she could use but few of her guns, while the revolving tower of the Monitor enabled her to keep up a ceaseless fire.

Now and then the firing would cease for a moment, the smoke would clear away, and Captain Buchanan would look out to see whether he had destroyed "the plucky little Monitor." He always found her unharmed and ready for battle. Soon would come one of her dreadful shot, shaking the iron sides of her huge enemy. Thus for almost two hours the battle raged, with but little result on either side.

The Merrimac then tried to run down her little antagonist as she had done the Cumberland, but the Monitor was too quick for the clumsy ironclad, and so easily glided out of harm's way. Again and again did she try to pierce the sides of

the Monitor, but as often failed. Growing tired of her unsuccessful efforts, the Merrimac turned from the wary foe and again steamed toward the Minnesota, which immediately opened her guns upon the approaching enemy. The fearless little Monitor hastened to place herself between the two vessels, but she did not succeed before the sides of the Minnesota had been pierced by three shells from the Merrimac. Again the Merrimac tried to thrust her iron beak through the armor of the Monitor and again failed. Suddenly the Monitor turned around and moved off in an unusual manner. A shell from the Merrimac had exploded and disabled Captain Worden. Lieutenant Greene succeeded to the command, with orders to continue the fight. However, the battle was at an end. After a struggle lasting three hours the Merrimac steamed away to Norfolk for repairs, and the Monitor again took her station near the Minnesota. The little giant thus saved the Union fleet and the nation's honor in a battle such as the world had not yet known.

# CHAPTER XV.

## SOME AMERICAN BOYS OF GENIUS.

Man still can do what man has done:
  There is no mount, howe'er so high,
But up its side some path may run
  To lead the climber toward the sky.
He is not wise who bides the time
  When friends shall reach to lift him there;
For only those who dare to climb
  May hope to reach the upper air.

Inventors have been more powerful for good in the world than have generals, statesmen, and kings. Their history, tinged, as it frequently is, with sadness, is a history of the countries and times in which they have lived. To them is due almost every comfort we enjoy. The air is free, and water is to be had without cost; but one is purified and tempered, and the other dipped from the spring or drawn from the well with devices planned by the inventor. We sit comfortably by the fire, forgetful of the match that kindled it, and of the author of the simple invention. We pour water from our pitchers and drink from our

cups without thinking that these are from the hand of the inventor. Every article of use that we enjoy, from the least to the greatest, has been wrought out in secret, and ofttimes in sadness, by the tireless inventor. He invented the firecracker that brings gladness to the hearts of the boys at Christmas time. He likewise planned the great guns that hurl their heavy shot a distance of twenty miles, destroying buildings and breaking down the strong walls of cities. The needle in the hand of the patient sewing girl, as well as the mighty ship that plows the deep, is the result of the inventor's labor. In the trace that fastens the horse to the plow, and in the engine that turns the machinery for grinding the grain, is seen the inventor's genius.

The greatest inventions of the last century have been made by Americans. One hundred years ago the stagecoach was the fastest means of travel by land, and on the water the speed of the vessel was governed by the speed of the wind. Our only means of communication was by mail, carried in a lumbering stagecoach. Under the burning Southern sun dusky slaves toiled from morn till night separating the seed of the cotton from the fiber.

It is different now. The ocean steamer speeds across the Atlantic in less than a week. The swift

iron horse, guided by the hand of his master, rushes across the continent in a few days. Through the electric telegraph news from every part of our country is brought to us with the swiftness of thought. The oceans are spanned by the cable, and we hear from other countries as we hear from our neighbors. Hundreds of cotton gins are busy in the South, each one doing the work of seventy slaves. We can sit in our offices and in our homes and talk with our friends a hundred miles away. From the lightning that flashes across the sky and frightens children we have been given the electric light which makes our homes and our streets almost as bright as day. All these changes have been wrought by American inventors.

Fifty years have not passed since Elias Howe completed and exhibited to his friends the first sewing machine. It was very imperfect, and was very unlike the sewing machine of to-day, but this machine, rude as it was, opened the way for other inventors.

The early life of Howe was spent on his father's farm. Here he worked in the mills in summer, and in winter attended the country school. He was of feeble constitution and lame from his childhood, and was thus kept from joining in the sports of his young companions. At

the age of sixteen he left his father's farm and went to Lowell. In the great cotton mills of this busy city he labored with his cousin N. P. Banks, who afterward became a noted general in the Union army.

At the age of twenty-one he married. That he might provide for his family he increased his labors. At the close of the day his feeble body would be so exhausted that he could not eat the humble meal his devoted wife had prepared for him. There was at that time great need of a sewing machine. Many people talked of the need, and spoke of the future awaiting the man who should make the invention. Howe's poverty forced him to make the effort, but he spoke to no one of his purpose. During a whole year he thought and worked on his invention. His ill health and poverty increased with his labor. At length his plans were completed, but he was too poor to buy the material with which to make his model. He applied to a friend, who took him and his family into his home and gave him a garret for his workshop. Here he labored on his model from early morning until far into the night during the winter of 1844–'45. When spring came, it found his model finished. He gave it a trial before his friends, and they thought it wonderful. He offered it to the public, and all men admired

it, but none were willing to assist the poor inventor by investing their money in it.

He became discouraged, gave up his machine, and became an engineer. Here he worked until his health gave way. Then he again gave his time and efforts to his invention. As he could secure no aid in America, he left his native country and sailed for England. Here his machine secured for him employment, and he sent for his family. At the end of eight months he was out of employment in a strange country, and his wife and children were without food.

By the assistance of his friends in America he was able to send his family home. Soon afterward he shipped his goods to America and followed them in another vessel. He reached the bedside of his sick wife just before her death. In the midst of this sorrow he received a letter which told him that the ship carrying his goods had been wrecked and all on board had been swallowed up by the angry waters.

Through this darkness and gloom there came a ray of light to cheer him. While he was in England his machine had become known at home, its value was appreciated, and the inventor had become famous. The royalty on his machine soon brought him a fortune, and he was enabled to rest from his life of toil and enjoy what he had won

under great difficulties. Thus the sun which to him rose in darkness shone brightly on the eventide of his life.

In Trinity churchyard, close by the harbor where lie at anchor the fleets of many nations, lies the body of Robert Fulton, whose invention has covered the oceans and the seas with steam. ships. He was born in Little Britain County, Pennsylvania, in 1765. The name of the county has since been changed to Fulton, in honor of the inventor. In school he was considered a dull boy, but was fond of drawing pictures and of visiting the machine shops of the neighborhood. He was always a welcome visitor, for he knew many things about machinery which were useful to the workmen. His mother and teacher often declared he would never accomplish anything, because he cared so little for his studies. They were forgetful of the fact that there is much to be learned outside of books. His boyhood days were spent in the exciting times of the great Revolution. He early learned of the oppression of England, and his young heart was kindled into a glow of patriotism. With brush and crayon he frequently drew laughable pictures of the English and the royal governors. When but thirteen years of age he declared, "There is nothing impossible."

Fulton frequently went out on fishing excursions with a gentleman and his son. It was the duty of the boys to manage the canoe, which they did by means of long poles. Young Robert became tired of this kind of sport, and, before the next excursion, constructed some paddles with which he could more easily control the canoe. This was the first step toward the steamboat which he invented twenty years later.

His skill with the brush increased as he grew older, and he painted many pictures of much merit. Feeling that there were no masters in America under which he could continue the study of art, he provided a comfortable home for his mother and sailed for England. While there he was often befriended by Benjamin Franklin, who was then representing Pennsylvania at the king's court. He brought out many inventions, which gave him money and renown. From England he went to France, where he remained seven years, and completed his first steamboat. Many men had tried to use steam as an agent in the movement of boats, but all had failed. In 1803 Fulton completed his first boat on the river Seine in France. A few days before he was to give it a public trial the heavy machinery broke it to pieces and it sank to the bottom of the river. With his own hands he assisted in raising and repairing it. So great

was his anxiety that he neither ate nor slept for twenty-four hours.

As soon as he was sure of success in his efforts he returned to America and began building a boat on the banks of the Hudson. He was ridiculed, likened unto Noah and his ark, and considered insane; but he continued unto success. On the 11th day of August, 1807, the Clermont was ready for her voyage, and Fulton invited many of his intimate friends on board. They came to show him respect, but felt sure they would witness his failure. When the signal was given to start, the great engine belched forth volumes of smoke and flame, the vessel trembled for a moment, then slowly moved out into the current. Wild cheers rent the air, but they soon died away into hisses and jeers, for the Clermont had stopped.

This was a trying moment for Fulton. He spoke a few words to his friends on the boat and the crowd on the shore, then hurried below and adjusted some of the machinery. At the given signal the engines were again set to work, the Clermont started on her first voyage up the Hudson, and Fulton took his place among the great inventors of the world. As she steamed up the beautiful river, the people on shore gazed in wonder at the huge, fiery monster. The fishermen in sailboats either hastened to the shore or fell ter-

ror-stricken upon the decks. From this invention great good has gone out to all the countries of the world.

Each one of the many hundreds of cotton gins erected in the Southern States is a monument to the genius of Eli Whitney. He was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. At the age of twenty-seven he graduated from Yale College and went to Savannah to teach school, but, failing to get a position, he began the study of law. While living in Savannah he boarded with Mrs. Greene, the widow of General Greene, of the Revolutionary War.

Cotton was the chief production of the South, but the cost of separating the seed from the fiber was so great that there was but little profit in raising it. Many farmers were talking of turning their attention to something else. Almost all the farms were covered with mortgages, and the outlook for the Southern people was very gloomy. Every one was discussing the depressed condition of trade. If any one could invent a machine to lessen the labor of cotton-raising, the future of the South would be made much brighter.

At such a time Mrs. Greene introduced young Whitney, with the remark that he could make anything he desired. He was urged to attempt to make such a machine as the Southern people

needed. He promised nothing, but set to work. He had never seen growing cotton, and he had no tools with which to work. He secured a few pounds of cotton at the wharf, made his own tools, and entered upon his task which was to bring to him honor and to his country wealth. In secret he patiently worked upon his invention during the winter of 1792. He carefully guarded his secret, but it got out, and, when he had his invention almost completed, some men broke open his work-house and carried it away. It was afterward returned, but his plan had been copied, and from the copy many machines were made. Thus the great mine of wealth so nearly within his reach was stolen from him by these wicked men.

In Connecticut Whitney built a factory for the manufacture of his machines. He brought many suits against those who were using his patent, but the Southern courts always decided against him. In return for the great wealth he had bestowed upon the South, South Carolina gave him fifty thousand dollars, and North Carolina collected a royalty on every gin used within her boundaries.

When his patent expired Congress refused to renew it, and he turned his attention to the improvement of firearms. He built a large factory, made his own tools, and turned out the most improved firearms of his day. In this work he was

*A modern reaper and harvester.*

better rewarded. After a life of labor and usefulness he died at the age of sixty.

No invention has been more gladly received or has added more to the wealth of our country than has the reaper. The great prairies of America are especially adapted to wheat, but with the sickle and the cradle as the only machines with which to cut it the harvest was not so plenteous. When the reaper appeared it lightened the work and increased the harvest.

It has been more than fifteen hundred years since the first clumsy reaper was used in the valleys of France. It was so clumsy that it was almost useless and soon disappeared. The next reaper was invented by Cyrus McCormick, and appeared upon the plains of the New World. It was very unlike the self-binder that now lays low the great forests of grain, but it was considered a wonderful machine. The position of the sickle has been changed and the horses no longer push the machine, but are hitched in front and draw their burden after them.

The inventor was born February 15, 1809, in Rockbridge, Virginia, where he spent his boyhood days. His father had long tried to invent a machine with which to cut wheat, but had failed. It was left to the son to accomplish the task and bring to himself fame and fortune. Like all other

inventors, he patiently toiled and anxiously waited, but when his work was done his reward was great. His name was honored in both the New and the Old World. He won prizes in national and world competitions. France bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood. He removed to Chicago and began the manufacture of his reapers. In May, 1884, he died, leaving his business in the hands of his sons.

Unlike all other inventors is Thomas A. Edison, whose inventions are so new and wonderful. Most inventions are the result of accident or experiment. The inventors guessed that such a thing might be true, then groped their way in the darkness until they came upon the things desired. Edison first learns all he can about the things known in Nature, then, with this knowledge to aid him, he selects the road that he thinks will most likely lead him to the desired result. If he fails in this direction, he returns and starts upon the next most suitable course. This he follows far into the beautiful land of the unknown, stopping not to eat or sleep until he has reached the goal.

Edison was born in Erie County, New York, February 11, 1847. He had no childhood. His youth was spent in contriving and building, leaving him no time for the sports enjoyed by children. His mother and Nature were his teachers. From

his mother he learned his lessons and their value in his daily life. His home was surrounded by forest and hills, and close by a river flowed. From these he learned many lessons that greatly aroused his young spirit and aided him in his life work.

When he was twelve years of age he became a train-boy, selling oranges, apples, and candies. At this work he earned two thousand dollars, which he turned over to his parents. Afterward he joined a library association and resolved to read every book on the shelves. It was a large task for a boy, but he kept at it until the last book had been read. When he was a few years older, with his earnings he bought a printing outfit and began publishing a paper. His office was a freight car attached to the regular train. Here was edited and published the Grand Trunk Herald, which found ready sale among the patrons of the road. While publishing his paper he began experimenting in chemistry. In one of his experiments he caused an explosion, which burned his office, and caused him to be put off the train. Shortly after this accident he saved the life of a telegraph operator's little child by snatching her from before a rapidly moving train. The operator taught him telegraphy as an expression of his gratitude to him for saving his child. At the age of seventeen he was moved by a desire to go to South America,

but, after making a tour through the Southern States, part of the time on foot, he returned home. There he continued his studies and experiments until he has surpassed all other Americans as an inventor.

He now lives in Orange, New Jersey, where he owns a beautiful home and the greatest laboratory in the world. Though his name is known in every land, he remains the same earnest toiler, declaring that "a man is to be measured by what he does and not by what is said of him."

In his busy life he has completed more than thirty inventions. The greatest and most wonderful of these are known to almost every boy and girl in the United States. They are the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light. He is now engaged in a further study of electricity, and the world need not be surprised to hear that he has brought forth an invention even more wonderful than the phonograph.

By the invention of the magnetic telegraph all the world has been bound together in bonds of closest sympathy. If one country suffers by famine or flood, the news is borne on swiftest wings to all parts of the world, and all other nations send relief. S. F. B. Morse is the author of this invention. He was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the 27th of April, 1791. He graduated at Yale

College and studied art in Europe, where the excellence of his work won for him a prize and the praise of artists. At the end of four years he was without means and was compelled to return to America.

Though lack of money turned him aside from his work as an artist, he did a greater service for himself and his country in another line. By faithful labor and ceaseless experiment he invented a system of telegraphy. He desired to build a line on which to try his invention, but he had no money with which to carry out his purpose. He applied to Congress for aid, but received only ridicule. No one believed in the success of his invention.

Like Howe, he turned to Europe for assistance. From country to country he traveled and pleaded the cause of his invention, but was at length compelled to return to America discouraged and penniless. He again petitioned Congress for aid, but few took any interest in his cause. The winter wore away, and no assistance was offered. Before the close of the session he had spent all his money. On the last day he returned to his hotel and arranged for his departure. Next morning, while he was eating his breakfast in silence and sadness, his eye fell upon the statement in the paper that at the last moment Congress had voted him the aid he desired. Full of hope, he entered

upon the task before him. He built the line. When everything was completed he invited his friends to witness the first trial. The key was touched, and over the wire flew the first message, and with equal swiftness the answer was returned. His patience and courage had brought him the victory, and with it wealth and honor.

Such is the history of a few of the mighty host of American inventors who have done such marvelous things for the happiness and civilization of the world.

THE END.

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